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DEAR LAND.

When comes the day all hearts to weigh,
If staunch they be, or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother isle?
My native heath is brown beneath,
My native waters blue;
But crimson red o'er both shall spread
Ere I am false to you,

Dear land—

Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold,
Your noble lakes and streams,
A mingled tide of grief and pride
Within my bosom teems;
I think of all—your long, dark thrall,
Your martyrs brave and true—
And dash apart the tears that start;
We must not weep for you,

Dear land—

We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
They seized and hanged him there;
His only crime in evil time,
Your hallowed green to wear.
Across the main his brother twain
Were sent to pine and rue;
And still they turned with hearts that
burned,
In hopeless love to you,

Dear land—

In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
Of Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
Her independent shore;
Of chiefs long dead who rose to head
Some gallant patriots few,
Till all my aim on earth became
To strike one blow for you,

Dear land—

To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest
Let other heads divine;
By work or word, with voice or sword,
To follow them be mine.
The breast that zeal and hatred steel
No terror can subdue;
If death should come, that martyrdom
Were sweet, endured for you,

Dear land—

Were sweet, endured you.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH

CHAPTER XXVI—(Continued.)

"WILL the day ever come when you can?"

"Yes," she answers, with a weary sigh, I think so—I hope so, but I do not know. Oh! monsieur, let us end this—I foresee nothing but trouble will come of it. My conduct looks suspicious. You are honestly trying to trust me, and you cannot. Let us make an end. It is not too late: Nothing is done that cannot be undone, and I am weary of doubts and quarrels. I will give you back your ring and your freedom, and then these secrets and hidden treasures of mine need disturb you no more. Monsieur Longworth it would have been better for us all if you had never let us come here."

"I begin to think so," he answers, bitterly, "since this is to go on indefinitely. I had hoped—but what does it matter now? If you had cared for me——"

He stops with an impatient gesture, and moves away a few steps. Then he comes again and stands before her.

"You told me that night," he says, with an impetuosity that is as unlike his usual manner as this deeply moved passionate man is as unlike phlegmatic Longworth Baymouth knows, "that you did not absolutely dislike me. How is it now? Have I compelled your dislike again?"

"No," she slowly answers, "you have not. I ought never to have disliked you, for you were good to us, Monsieur Longworth, and meant well. But, oh! believe me, it would have been better if you had never let us come."

He goes on without heeding her last words—

"You own you do not dislike me. It seems a difficult thing to draw admissions from you; but will you admit also that it may be possible for you one day to care for me?"

"I think it may be possible."

"No one else has any claim on you?"

"No one in the whole wide world."

"Then I will wait," he says, earnestly, "and while I wait, trust. Only be prudent. I will not hurry your decision; I will give you time. No, do not speak; I have more at stake than you give me credit for, and you are excited and annoyed now. I will wait for your decision, and I believe you will come to me one day soon, and of your own choice tell me all. Reine"—once again he takes her hands—"how shall I convince you you have no truer friend than I—no one in all the world you can more implicitly rely on? If I have been imperious, pardon me; If I felt less deeply I might be more collected and courteous; but my whole heart has gone out to you, and I cannot recall it if I would. Think this over, dearest Reine, and come to me and tell me your troubles. I can be Durand's friend as well, if he needs one, for your sake."

She withdraws her hands and covers her face, moved to her very heart.

"Oh! you are good, you are kind, you are generous," she says, in a stifled voice; "but it is all in vain. I have no right to speak; I am bound by promise, and I cannot betray a trust."

"You can ask those who have bound you to free you. Surely you must see that this is right. You have proved sufficiently how thoroughly you can be silent and true. Prove to your plighted

husband in turn how thoroughly you can confide in and trust him"

He stops and touches her cheek with his lips; then before she can speak or look up is gone. The slight caress awakens within her a curious sort of tenderness. She stands and watches him out of sight—pain, regret, yearning in her eyes, and stronger and deeper than either beneath. Then she sits down, white and unnerved, and looks blankly before her at the fast darkening sea and so when the summer night falls it finds her.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"THE RIVALS."

"FRANK," says Miss Hariott, "answer me this. Did you or did you not tell me on board the *Hesperia* that you were only going to make a flying visit to Baymouth, for the sole purpose of building a yacht, and were then going virtuously and dutifully home to Georgia to see your mother and uncle? Did you, I say or did you not?"

There is severity in Miss Hariott's tone, dignified reproof in Miss Hariott's eye. We say "eye" emphatically, for while she keeps one upon the culprit the other is fixed in much distaste upon the little mud puddles in the road through which she is daintily picking her way. The afternoon is delightful, breezy, crisp, clear; but the morning has been rainy, hence the mud.

"Did you, or did you not?" categorically repeats the lady, and Mr. Dexter laughs lazily.

"On board the *Hesperia* was three whole months ago. How is a fellow to carry his mind back over such a period as that? I remember well enough your saying—need I mention that every saying of yours is indelibly imprinted on this heart—that you preferred Baymouth to Venice. If I prefer it to Georgia in August, who is to blame me? Not you, Miss Hariott; so smooth away that frown, and smile once more on the most object of your adorers."

Miss Marie Landelle, sauntering by Frank's side, her pink-lined parasol casting a faint roseate glow over her pearl fair face, laughs faintly. These two are in front; behind come Mr. Longworth and Reine; Miss Harriott in the

centre skips over the puddles unsupported, sufficient unto herself. The whole party are bound for the Baymouth Croquet Ground, being members, one and all, of the Baymouth Croquet Club.

"This is all very fine," says Miss Hariott, with increased severity; "but as you have survived the Georgian heats for the past seventeen or eighteen years don't you think the delicacy of your constitution might survive them once more? Last night I received a letter from your respected maternal parent, making four anxious epistles in all, imploring me in pathetic language to inform her truly, and at once, what it is that holds you spell-bound in this dull town. That letter, young sir, I shall answer before I sleep. Frank, I conjure you! What am I to say to your mother?"

A flush rises over Frank's sunburnt cheek—he casts a quick glance at his companion, but that lovely serene face looks calm and more unconscious than the summer sky, the wonderful yellow brown eyes gaze straight before her into space, and are as nearly expressionless as beautiful eyes can be.

The young man sighs impatiently, and switches the heads off wayside daisies and dandelions with a quick, petulant motion. Every day the last state of this young Georgian grows worse than the first, every day he becomes a greater coward in the very intensity of his passion. Every day he grows more afraid to speak—the present is paradisaical. She never seems to weary of his presence, but also, he can see with bitterness, she never seems to weary of his absence. The same sweet smile welcomes his coming and speeds his going. If he went for ever, some prescience tells him that sweet placid smile would bid him farewell the same.

If he speaks, and the dread fiat is No, he will be exiled from her presence, hope will die within him, the vulture of despair will gnaw at his vitals. And he is afraid to speak. To-day is good, even in its pain—so let to-day linger. But he knows and she knows—and he knows she knows—what keeps him here; and Miss Hariott knows, and all Baymouth knows, and the whole world is welcome to know, what detains him here, a far too willing captive.

"You do not speak," goes on his stern monotone, after a long pause, devoted to shirking puddles.

"My dearest Miss Harriott have not your own fair lips taught me many a time and oft that speech is silver and silence gold?"

"Some speech may be silver, yours, young man, has the empty ring of hollow brass. Your silence is golden, I allow in its rarity; but at present we will have brazen speech. What shall I say to Mrs. Dexter?"

"Oh, anything you please! Tell her not to fidget. The verb to fidget expresses my mother's normal state, though. Tell her I am all right, and being trained by you daily in the way I should go, and that when the yacht is launched my first trip shall be to see her. I'll take you along, if you like, Miss Hester—I promised that, did I not, on the Hesperia? Can mortal man promise more?"

"You will not go until the yacht is launched?"

"Can't I give you my word? Have to be there every day—ought to be there at this moment. No end of a bore, building a yacht."

"Very well," says Miss Hariott, resignedly, "I may as well get my spare bed-room ready; for the closing lines of your mother's letter, Frank, are these—'If that wretched boy does not leave Baymouth this week, I will be there next to fetch him.'"

Frank laughs.

"By George," he says, "let her come by all means, Miss Hariott. I shall be uncommonly glad to see the poor little *mater*, and then I can take her home in the yacht. Miss Landelle, will you not come, too? You will enjoy the trip, I am sure."

"Are you?" responds Miss Landelle; then I am not at all sure. Do you forget, Mr. Frank, that I am always seasick, that I cannot sail down the bay in the calmest weather without being ill? I should like the yacht and the company, but not the *mal de mer*. I think you must ask Reine instead."

"Mademoiselle Reine is asked, of course—that goes without saying. But you"—Frank's voice drops almost to a whisper in the intensity of his eagerness—"Miss Landelle, surely you will

not refuse me this pleasure. If you know how I have looked forward to it; how all this summer——"

"We are late," interrupts Miss Landelle, with placid indifference. See they are playing. Had we not better walk on a little faster, Mr. Frank?"

The words are checked on his lips as they have been checked many a time before. Her calm unconsciousness is impenetrable all his enthusiasm falls flat before it. He obeys in silence, and they leave the group behind, and hasten forward to the croquet players. At the gate a blear-eyed beggar sits crouched in the sun, holding out his hat and whining for alms. They pass him unheeded; only Reine stops abruptly, and goes over and addresses him.

"What nonsense!" exclaims Longworth, impatiently; "it is that drunken old scoundrel Jackson, who got thirty days for vagrancy and drunkenness, and has just served out his time. Now she is giving him money—what folly! I shall stop her—such a horrid old impostor——"

"You will let her alone," says Miss Hariott, softly, and looking with eyes full of tenderness at her little friend. "'For alms delivereth from death, and the same is that which purgeth away sin, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting.'"

She goes. Longworth stands still and waits for Reine to come up. The momentary annoyance has passed from his face, something very different looks out of his eyes as they linger on the pair before him. It is a picture he never forgets—the cringing, red-eyed beggar in his dirty rags, shrinking like a fowl lizard in the sun, and the girl with her soft, tender eyes and pitiful young face looking down upon him. But Mr. Longworth chooses to grumble when she rejoins him.

"Why do you let yourself be imposed upon by these people?" he says. "That is the most rascally old humbug in the town. He drinks, he steals, he beats his wife. He will go straight from here and get drunk on what you gave him. You should exercise discrimination in your charities, my dear child."

"Discrimination is not one of the cardinal virtues. I do not possess it, Mr. Longworth."

"But such a notorious old fraud——"

"He is old and poor, and half blind," she says, impatiently, for long suffering is no more one of Reine's virtues than discrimination. "Let me alone, Mr. Longworth; you are not the keeper of my conscience. You never do wrong yourself, I know. How can you be expected to find mercy or pity for weaker mortals who do?"

They have reached the gate. Longworth is about to answer, but Monsieur Durand comes up at the moment and joins them.

"I have been waiting for you Petite," he says. "*Bon jour*, Mr. Longworth. Are you the originator of this philanthropic scheme I hear them discussing, or is it Miss Hariott?"

"What philanthropic scheme?" inquires Longworth, shortly. "I have originated none."

"Then it must be the ever-excellent Miss Hariott. A scheme to help those poor people killed in the great mill explosion the other day."

"As those poor people are dead and buried, Monsieur Durand, I should imagine they were past helping by any scheme, however philanthropic," interrupts Longworth, grimly.

"Ah, pardon," Durand laughs. "It is that I express myself so badly. No, no, to help the families—the widow and the orphan. I have left them discussing the project instead of playing croquet, and waiting for you to come. Could they decide upon anything in this town without you, monsieur, I ask?"

He asks it with a shrug and a smile at Reine, and Reine hastily interposes, for she sees an ominous knitting of Longworth's brows.

"I dare say Miss Hariott did originate it," she says. "She is one of the chief sufferers always by these dreadful things. She bleeds in heart and pocket alike. What is the present proposal, Leonce?"

"Proposal! Their name is legion. A fancy fair says one lady, a charity ball says another, a concert says a third, with Monsieur Durand for *primo tenore* and Mademoiselle Reine for *prima donna*. I say no, no, no, to all. Let us have a play."

"I second the notion," says Miss Har-

iott when they have approached. "What do you say, Frank?"

"I say nothing," says Frank, sulkily.

Frank would die at the stake sooner than coincide with any idea of Durand's. Durand laughs in his airy fashion, and lays one white and shapely hand on Dexter's stalwart shoulder.

"Francois, *mon ami*——"

"My name's Frank," growls Mr. Dexter, still more sulkily.

"*Ecoutez, mon cher* Frank——"

"Speak English if you want to talk to me, Mr. Durand."

He shakes off the hated hand, and moves away closer to Miss Landelle's side.

"Listen, then, Frank, and all you messieurs and mesdames. I say let us have a play—a play is my strong point. I will be stage manager. I will take all the labour of arrangements upon myself. You shall do nothing but accept your parts and cover yourselves with distinction."

"Ah! cover ourselves with distinction," repeats Miss Hariott with a groan; "what fiendish sarcasm is here?"

"What say you, Reine?" inquires Longworth, smiling, and Reine lifts two eyes dancing with delight. "You look as if you might like it."

"Monsieur, to perform in a play is the one unsatisfied ambition of my life."

"And of mine," chimes in Miss Hariott. "Let me strut my little hour upon the stage and I'll die happy."

"It ain't half a bad idea," says Mr. Beckwith, coming up, "it's new and nice, and will pay. Fairs are bores, a ball this hot weather is not to be thought of, and pic-nics are played out. I say a play."

"A play! a play! my kingdom for a play!" cries little Mrs. Beckwith, dancing up. "Mr. Durand you are a perfect angel."

"A h, madame," says M. Durand, and removes his hat, and lays his hand upon his heart; "as you are strong be merciful! Your lightest word of praise overpowers me."

Frank looks on and listens with a face of unmitigated disgust.

"What a little simpering fool that wife of Beckwith's is," he is charitably thinking; and what grinning, chattering monkeys Frenchmen invariably are!"

"Let us form a committee of ways and means," says Beckwith, "and let us decide the matter at once. Here's a cool place under these trees; let us sit down. Now, then, monsieur, you're the leader and chief of this project. What's the play, to begin with?"

A confusion of tongues immediately ensues.

"The Lady of Lyons," cries shrilly Mrs. Beckwith. "I will play *Pauline* and Monsieur Durand the fascinating *Claude Melnotte*."

"Did ever a collection of amateur noodles murder a good drama, I wonder, without beginning with 'The Lady of Lyons?' comments Mr. Dexter, still disgusted, to Miss Marie.

Miss Marie smiles, reposes under the pink parasol, listens, and takes no part in the discussion. Some one proposes "Macbeth," with Mr. O'Sullivan as the Thane of Cawdor and Miss Hariott as the tremendous heroine. This is overruled with much laughter. "Hamlet," is ambitiously asked for next by Mr. Beckwith; Durand can play *Hamlet*. Mr. B. opines he rather looks like that sort of thing, and he might throw a little originality into the performance by singing a French comic song, say in the grave-digging scene, or just before the *Ghost* enters. He, Mr. Beckwith, thinks he might distinguish himself as the *Ghost*. His, too, meets with objection.

"Then they discuss the 'School for Scandal;' but here Mr. Beckwith takes high moral ground. The 'School for Scandal' isn't proper, by George, and he isn't going in for what is not strictly virtuous and correct. No married man ought to countenance such a rascal as *Joseph Surface* and *Charles* was not much better. Saw it once played in Boston, and was sorry he took Mrs. Beckwith. The man who wrote it ought to be ashamed of himself.

"Speaking of the 'School for Scandal,' what do you say to Sheridan's other comedy 'The Rivals,' inquires Durand; "it is not beyond ordinary amateur histrionic efforts, and Mr. Beckwith's moral scruples do not apply. You have all seen 'The Rivals,' I suppose?"

Yes, all have seen "The Rivals"—it would do capitally.

"Let me see," says Durand, frowning reflectively; "There are enough of us I

think. You can all learn your parts this week, next Monday we can have our first rehearsal, and the Monday night following shall be *the* night big with fate. We will have a rehearsal every morning at ten. Monsieur Longworth you will make an excellent *Captain Absolute*. Mr. Dexter please consider yourself *Captain Absolute's* father, the stormy *Sir Anthony*. Reine, look upon yourself from this hour as the ever charming *Mees Lydia Languish*. Madame Sheldon, who I regret not to see here, will make a most admirable *Lucy*."

If Mrs. Sheldon takes any part," says Reine, slowly and decidedly, "I decline to play."

Without a moment's warning this bomb-shell explodes in the midst of the party. Everybody is stricken mute, everybody stares. Longworth turns and looks at her keenly, Miss Hariott seems astonished, Marie opens her soft, sleepy eyes. Durand alone takes it coolly.

"Ah! well," he says gayly, "a lady's caprice is a thing to be respected, not questioned. We omit the so charming Madame Sheldon from our *corps dramatique*. Madame Beckwith will you condescend to accept the character of the vivacious and sprightly *Lucy*?"

"Is it a good part?" inquires Mrs. Beckwith, not the least pleased at the preference given Mrs. Sheldon. Have I much to say?" Can I wear pretty dresses?"

"One of the principal parts, and you can dress as bewitchingly as you please."

"*Lucy's* only a waiting maid, my dear, and drops out of sight altogether about the second act," chuckles Mr. Beckwith. "You'll have to wear a cap and a duster, a white apron with pockets, and a dress down to your ankles. Chambermaids always dress like that on the stage."

"But the nice proprieties need not be observed in amateurs," interposes Miss Hariott, soothingly. "*Lucy's* is a delightful part, and you may get the coquettish little costume imaginable. Nothing could suit you better. Monsieur Durand, if you do not cast me for *Mrs. Malaprop*, I will never forgive you."

"Mees Hariott consider yourself *Mrs. Malaprop*. I foresee you will electrify us in that *role*. Marie"—he turns

abruptly, an instantaneous change in tone and face—"you know the play well. Will you perform *Julia* to my *Faulkland*?"

"I should spoil the performance. I have no talent whatever. Select some one else," she answers, with a shrug.

"Pardon. Do you forget that I have seen you in private theatricals before? Yes, in that very character. As a favour to me—I do not often ask favours—play *Julia*."

There is a curious silence. Frank Dexter scowls blackly; Reine watches her sister with sudden eagerness, Durand never moves his glance from her face. Marie meets that glance full, a sort of hard defiance in her handsome eyes.

"You need not put it in that earnest way, Monsieur Durand. If you as manager and proprietor, wish it, and no one else objects, I am quite willing to oblige."

"A thousand thanks. You will play *Julia*?"

"I will make the attempt."

"And you are the jealous lover. You select a thankless *role*, Monsieur Durand," observes Longworth.

"It is one he can perform too, I'll be bound," says Mr. Beckwith. "Dark complexioned men, with black eyes and moustaches, always make first-rate jealous lovers or first murderers. You don't intend to leave me out in the cold, I hope, a looker on in Vienna?"

"By no means. We want a *Bob Acres*. You will be *Bob Acres*."

"Capital, faith," says Mr. O'Sullivan, who has been lounging in the outskirts; "he was made for the character. Are you going to do nothing for me, Mr. Stage Manager?"

"Need you ask? There is *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. Are you not the very man we want?"

"Better and better. Upon me life, if I'm the success I think I'll be in this my *debut*, I'll retire from pen, ink and paper for ever—sure literature's a pernicious profession, all the world knows—and take to genteel light comedy. "Ah me little friend," says Mr. O'Sullivan turning to Beckwith, and quoting from the part assigned him, "if we had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry in the *O'Trigger* line every one of whom had killed his man

For though the mansion house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, thank heaven, our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.' I'm to fight a duel with somebody—I forget who."

"You will discover to-morrow," says Durand. "Every one is satisfied with his or her *role*, I hope. I do not think we can do better."

But where were ever private theatricals in which the performers were satisfied with their parts? Mr. Dexter, still out of humour, grumbled audibly with the part assigned him. *Sir Anthony Absolute*, a blustering old heavy father, stumping ridiculously about the stage, and making an elderly ass of himself—a pretty part to assign him! He felt sure he would shine as *Faulkland*, in a suit of black velvet; but no—Durand in his beastly selfishness, must keep that to himself, for the sole purpose of making love to Marie.

Mrs. Beckwith would have preferred *Lydia Languish* to *Lucy*. Marie looks bored by the whole business. Miss Hariott, alone brisk and satisfied, announced her intention of returning instantly home, and bearing Reine with her, to begin their studies without a second's loss of time.

"What exceedingly versatile gentleman Monsieur Durand happens to be," she observes on the way. "He seems to know a little of everything under the sun. Was he ever an actor, Little Queen?"

"He is an opera singer," Reine says, in a very low voice.

"He sings charmingly, I allow, and although I do not overmuch like Monsieur Durand, it is impossible to really dislike any one with such a voice. What a good gift it is."

"You say you do not like him?" Reine repeats. "Why madame?"

"How can I tell? He is handsome, he is agreeable, he is polite, but still, 'I do not love you Doctor Fell.' It is that sort of unreasonable Doctor Fell feeling. I know some one else who does not like him either, Petite Reine."

"You mean Mr. Dexter?"

"No, my dear, I don't. I mean Mr. Longworth."

"And yet—poor Leonce—what has he done that any of you should dislike him?"

"Have you never disliked and distrusted any one, Petite, without why or wherefore? How long does he remain in Baymouth?"

"I do not know, Until the end of September, I believe."

"Reine," says Miss Hariott, abruptly, "when are you going to be married?"

"Married! Good heavens!" exclaims Reine, reddening and laughing nervously. "What a startling question!"

"Why startling? You are engaged, are you not? And marriage is the customary climax of engagement."

"Not always."

"Petite, what do you mean? I can see—I have seen for some time—that there is something between you and Laurence that is not as it should be. Dear, I was so glad when I heard he had chosen you, so glad my Little Queen was to be his wife."

"Yes," Reine says, smiling, but with a little quiver of the voice, "and not jealous at all?"

"I shall be sorry to lose my friend," replies Miss Hariott, steadily. "And a man is lost as a friend, who marries. But I knew he would marry some time and I was glad he chose you—glad, thankful, happy."

"Yes," Reine murmurs again softly, "It was best."

"You had vowed never to like him," goes on Miss Hariott, with a smile; "You tried hard to make yourself believe you did not like him. But, oh, child, I saw through it all, and I read your heart better than you read it yourself, and I know you care for him strongly, truly, deeply and well."

The dark face drops guiltily, deep red burning on either cheek; but she makes no answer to the accusation in words.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAURA SHELDON'S REWARD.

MISS HARIOTT looks steadfastly at the blushing face, which tells its love story so sweetly, and lays her hand on Reine's shoulder, as she replies.

"And Laurence gave you his whole heart. Reine, do you know what a good gift the love of a true man is? I saw all from the first. I saw, too, that you both were proud and perverse, and misunderstood, and would not show what

you felt. Still, this sort of thing rights itself in time, if let alone, and everything was beginning to go on as I wished, when, lo! this young Durand comes on the carpet and spoils all."

"How?" asks Reine, defiantly. "Monsieur Durand has nothing to do with it. Is he not my brother?"

"I don't believe in that sort of brother," retorts Miss Hariott, cynically, "unless they are fifty and hump-backed. Leonce Durand has one of the most beautiful faces man ever wore. Your regard for him is plain for all the world to see, and Laurence is only man, and very mortal, my dear, and he is jealous, and everything is going wrong."

"He has no right to be jealous," Reine flashes out. "I have told him what Leonce and I are to each other. He has no right to think of me as he does."

"My dear, right has nothing to do with it. When love begins to weigh things, and balance the right and the wrong, it ceases to be love. It is the most supremely unwise and unreasoning passion on earth. It makes the wise man a madman, the miser a spendthrift, the *savant* a simpleton. He is jealous unreasonably, if you like; so is Frank Dexter with still less reason, and until Durand goes, so both will remain. Take my advice, Reine, and send your French little brother away."

"No!" cries Reine. "I am not my brother's keeper. He shall stay as long as he pleases. With Mr. Longworth's doubts and fears and fancies I have nothing to do. If he chooses to suspect me unjustly, let him. I will not lift a finger to set him right."

"Reine, take care! You will regret this."

"Very likely. I regret many things."

"You do not know him as I do. He will bear until he thinks endurance ceases to be a virtue, and then——"

"Well, madam, and then——"

The dark head lifts haughtily.

"All will end between you, and you will be the one to suffer most. It is always the woman that suffers most."

"Do you suppose Mr. Longworth could suffer for the loss or gain of any woman?" the girl says scornfully. "If so, do him justice—he is quite above any such weakness. For the rest, I say, and

say again, if he chooses to suspect me unjustly, let him. I will not try to set him right. If he cannot trust me, then the sooner he gives me up the better."

"Wilful!" says Miss Hariott, shaking her head; "headstrong both of you and proud as Lucifer. You are well matched—either of you would die before you would yield an inch."

"I have nothing to yield. I do not suspect him. I am not jealous."

"My little Norman girl, we weaker vessels must yield or break. If I did not like you and Laurence both so well, I would wash my hands off your antematrimonial squabbles, like a sensible maiden lady, who has had the wisdom to steer clear of them herself; but I do like you, and cannot give you up, that is the truth. Here we are—come in and stay the evening. Larry shall take you home."

Reine remains willingly enough, and they peruse "The Rivals," and take tea together in the pretty room, with the evening sunshine glinting on the china and the flowers in the centre of the table. Later Longworth comes, and Reine sings for them, while they sit as usual in the twilight and talk. The moments are charmed; ten comes far too soon, and Reine looks round the pleasant room with regret as she rises to go.

"What a pretty house this is?" she says, "I wish I lived with you, Miss Hariott, and we could grow old gracefully together, drinking tea, reading books, singing songs."

"Mr. Longworth," says Miss Hariott, "what do you think of the programme? Are you willing? Because nothing would please me better, and I would guard Petite like a fiery dragon from the Scylla and Charybdis of man and matrimony. What do you say?"

Longworth laughs.

"Nothing to you. I shall endeavour to change mademoiselle's opinions on the way home. I promise to provide her with tea *ad nauseum*, books and songs *ad libitum* if she will consent to live with me instead of you."

"When?"

"Ah! when? Who knows? The when is for Reine. In the vague and indefinite future. But don't you go and poison her mind with your baleful antimatrimonial doctrines, confirmed vestal.

that you are! Petite, I never told you"—he turns to her, his eyes laughing—"that I once asked Miss Hariott to marry me."

"No," says Reine, coolly; "but she did."

"Did she tell you also that she refused me?"

"I beg your pardon," interposes Miss Hariott, "I never refused you. You did not press for an answer, and I simply reserved my decision. I still reserve it and some day, when you stand the bridegroom of another at the very altar, I may stride forward an awful Nemesis, and forbid the banns. It is my right."

"Mr. Longworth should be used to rejections by this time," says Mdle. Reine; he appears to have been singularly unfortunate in his affairs of the heart. Repeated blows, however, harden substances already hard by nature, do they not?"

"Ah! You know all about it I see. Yes, I have been most unfortunate in the past; let us hope the future will make amends."

"Does not the present?" inquires Miss Hariott.

"Not satisfactorily. Good night fair hostess. Don't let the small hours find you studying the wit and wisdom of *Mrs. Malaprop*."

They go home through the sweet smelling, faint warm darkness of the August night, meeting few, speaking little, supremely content in their hidden hearts to be together and alone.

"Reine," he says, gently, "what did you mean by refusing to play if Mrs. Sheldon was to be one of us?"

"Need you ask?" she answers, calmly. "Leonore tore up the letter in his room, set fire to the fragments and threw them in the grate. One portion escaped, and was found. Who think you in that house would take the trouble to write an anonymous letter and enclose it? Mrs. Sheldon was once your affianced. There are those who say she aspires to the position still. Do you think that letter was the work of a servant?"

Longworth answers nothing. He has been thinking the matter over himself. But when the subject is renewed by Mrs. Sheldon herself, as she stands alone with him next day, he speaks.

"You are engaged to Miss Reine Lan-

delle, Laurence," she says, with emotion and her handkerchief to her eyes. "She can do nothing wrong in your eyes, I know, but I thought at least you were my friend—old times might surely have made you that. I never—no, I never thought you would stand quietly by and hear me insulted."

Longworth looks at her cynically, unmoved by the falling tears.

"I would leave old times out of the question if I were you, Totty," he answers. "As for Mademoiselle Reine, what would you have? I couldn't knock her down. Freedom of speech is a lady's prerogative, and besides, I am not sure that I do not rather admire her spirit."

"Laurence! Admire her for insulting me! Oh, this is cruel indeed!"

"Don't cry, Mrs. Sheldon. There are few ladies whose beauty is improved by tears. Shall I really tell you why she spoke as she did?"

"If you please. If you know."

"I know. Upstairs in his room one day last week Monsieur Durand tore up and burned the fragments of a letter. One fragment escaped and was picked up by some one in this house—was inclosed in a vile anonymous letter and sent to me. This letter was in a woman's hand—disguised. I showed it to Mademoiselle Reine Landelle, and she formed her own surmise as to the writer. I have no more to say. Only, in my own defence, I shall burn any further communications. Time to start for the office I see. Good morning, Laura."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DRAMA OFF THE STAGE.

THROUGH the pleasant afternoon Mr. Longworth, of the *Phoenix*, saunters up to make a call upon his friend, Miss Hariott. It is as well to say Miss Hariott, although he is pretty certain to find Mdle. Reine Landelle there as well. The windows of the little cottage stand open, and a smile breaks over his face as he draws near, for he can plainly hear *Mrs. Malaprop* and *Miss Languish* vehemently gabbling their parts. He leans his folded arms on the window-sill and looks in at the two actresses, who, in the spirit of true *artistes*, pay no heed to their audience, but go on.

"There, *Sir Anthony*," exclaims *Mrs.*

Malaprop, pointing a derisive finger at her fair companion, "there stands the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling."

Reine (as *Lydia Languish*): Madame, I thought you once——"

Mrs. Malaprop: "You thought, miss! I don't know what business you had to think at all! thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, from your memory."

Longworth glances at Reine, his smile fading. He is thinking of Durand—the words seem to apply. Perhaps Reine is also, for the pathos of her tone is very real as she answers;

"Ah! madam, our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget."

Mrs. M.: "But I say it is, miss. There is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed, and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, *Lydia*, these violent memories don't become a young woman."

Here there is some gentle applause from the window. Miss Hariott delivers this speech as if she meant it.

"Madam," says *Lydia*, still pathetically, "what crime have I committed to be treated thus?"

"Will you promise to do as you are bid?" demands *Mrs. Malaprop*, severely. "Will you take a husband of your friend's choosing?"

"Madam," responds *Lydia*, emphatically, and casts a defiant glance at the window, "I must tell you plainly that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion."

"And what business have you, miss," cries *Mrs. Malaprop*, in a fine fury, "with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman, and you ought to know that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion."

"Larry," says the speaker, descending from the heights of *Malaprop* to be Miss Hariott once more, "come in if you want to. 'I can't do myself justice

with you looking on, and, besides, *Lydia* doesn't half know her lines. Take your book, miss, and go study. Let me tell you it does not become a young woman to only half know her lesson."

Reine laughs, picks up her book, and disappears. Longworth enters, and takes his customary chair.

"Where is Mrs. Dexter?" he asks.

For two days before Mrs. Dexter has arrived in Baymouth, as per promise, and is Miss Hariott's guest.

"Gone to call upon Mrs. Windsor. Like the best and most obedient of little mothers, she has fallen in love with Marie because her big boy has told her to do so. She sings her praises until I grow idiotic listening. She is the prettiest creature the sun shines on—so gentle, so sweet, so affectionate, and, as Mrs. Windsor's heiress, a fitting match even for Longworth's heir. Laurence"—she lays down the work she has taken up, and looks at him earnestly—"I wonder if that unfathomable girl means to marry poor Frank?"

"Can she do better?"

"No-o; and she doesn't seem the kind to have had prior attachments. I think, if the lovely Marie were vivisected, her heart might be put in a filbert shell. Reine, self-willed, perverse, hot-tempered, is worth a thousand of her. She has a heart of gold for him who is able to win it."

"Ah, but the winning is such uncommonly uphill work!" says Longworth, lazily, but with an amused look in his eyes; "and the question that naturally presents itself to an inquiring mind is—is the game worth the candle?"

"The man who could ask such a question——" begins Miss Hariott, vehemently. Then she stops and takes up her work. "I won't say another word," she exclaims. "You are ready to sit there and abuse her for the next hour for the pleasure of hearing me contradict you. I won't do it!"

Longworth laughs and silence falls. Outside the faint sea-breeze stirs among the September flowers, bees boom in "wave-swung lilies and wind-swung roses," the sharp crack of the grasshopper pierces the hot, dry grass.

Reine appears to have totally vanished. The day is *the* day so long expected, so much talked of, and to night Bay-

mouth is to be electrified by the grand amateur performance of "The Rivals." For the last ten days dress makers have been busy, costumes have been sent for, rehearsals have been going on. A crowded house is expected—a very little goes a long way in Baymouth. There are daily rehearsals and daily squabbles; despair and frenzy on the part of M. Durand, chronic sulkiness on the part of the performers.

The manager's task is a Herculean task, the drilling of these raw recruits a formidable and thankless undertaking, but after a fashion he accomplishes it.

Among the refractory corps, Frank Dexter is perhaps the most maddeningly pig-headed. Frank, who takes umbrage at the manager's most innocent remarks, who stands in the wings and scowls like a demon daily during the love passages between *Faulkland* and his insipid *Julia*. And perhaps since the character was first performed it was never rendered so utterly flat, stale, and vapid as in the hands of Miss Marie Landelle. *Faulkland* may rave, may glare, may spout his gloomy speeches as impassioned as mortal man may, he awakens no answering response in that cool bosom.

Miss Landelle, her radiant hair falling like a glory about her, her beautiful eyes fixed upon him, repeats her lines without falter or mistake, no more emotion in face or voice as if she were a talking doll. And it is a noticeable fact that, except when they address each other in character, they seldom address each other at all. M. Durand is scrupulously polite to mademoiselle, his cousin; he has a trick of furtively watching her, too, which Frank sees with silent rage.

A sort of restraint is growing up between him and Reine also, which Longworth sees, and of which he highly approves. The manner of this last gentleman is that of a duellist on guard, coldly courteous, but ever watchful and suspicious. Frank, on the contrary, makes open war, rebels boldly, and in sight of all, against the self-constituted authority of the stage-manager.

"Frank, *mon cher*," will say M. Durand, in his bright, eager way, "don't stand in that rigid and unnatural attitude. Stand at ease. Don't use your

legs and arms as if they belonged to some one else, and were made of glass, and you were afraid the slightest movement might break them."

"Mr. Durand," Frank replies, with elaborate politeness, "will it suit your convenience if I have a few of my limbs amputated? My legs and arms appear to have ruined your peace of mind ever since this performance began. I will cheerfully submit to the operation sooner than they should continue to cause you the perpetual suffering they seem to do."

Or it will be this—

"Monsieur Dexter," Durand will say pathos in his voice, despair in his face, 'don't stand with the back of your head to the audience. I beg of you, I entreat of you, turn a better face to the house."

"I have'n't got any better face," returns Mr. Dexter, with sudden smothered fury; "if the house doesn't like my face, the house needn't look at it. What do I want standing staring at your audience, and be hanged to them, like a gaby, when I've got nothing to say to them?"

But the evening is here, and a great throng with it. Baymouth musters well to enjoy the blunders and break-downs of the amateurs. At eight every seat is filled, and the orchestra is in full blast—silent expectation of fun to come fills the house.

Behind the scenes dire confusion and flutter obtain—people with painted faces and wigged heads rush frantically to and fro, little yellow covered books in their hands, gabbling idiotically. M. Durand in the dress of the sombre *Faulkland*, is ubiquitous, gesticulating, imploring, beseeching, trying madly to evoke order out of chaos. In the midst of the confusion worse confounded, up goes the curtain, and on go *Fag* and the *Coachman*.

And here the fun-expectant audience are not disappointed. Memory and voice forsake these two poor players instantaneously at sight of that sea of eager faces and twinkling eyes. In vain the prompter roars in a husky and frantic whisper, painfully audible to all present but the two unfortunates for whom it is intended.

"Come off!" at last despairingly is the cry, and *Fag* and the *Coachman* go

off wiser and sadder men. The opening scene closes in humiliating and abject defeat, and Baymouth titters audibly, and feels that it is getting its money's worth.

The next is the room of *Miss Lydia Languish*—*Miss L. L.*, in delicate pink silk, her profuse dark hair coiled about her small, shapely head, "discovered" reclining in an easy chair, and *Lucy* the maid, in the most coquettish of dresses and most undaunted of voices, comes briskly forward, and speaks—

"Indeed, ma'am, I've traversed half the town in search of it. I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at."

The audience feel they are to be cheated in this scene—it is going to "go off." *Reine* speaks, and her rich full voice is perfectly distinct to all. *Mrs. Beckwith*, as the sprightly *Lucy*, covers herself with renown. *Mdlle. Reine* knows her lines, and says them with spirit and effect. Presently enters *Marie* as *Julia*, beautifully dressed, and at sight of that angelic face there breaks forth a hearty and simultaneous—round of applause, that is as honest and as high a compliment to her rare loveliness as *Marie Landelle* has ever received. A faint flush rises to her cheek, a faint pleased smile to her lips, as she ever so slightly acknowledges that surprised tribute, but her beauty is the best of her, the audience quickly find; her manner is listless, her voice low, her speeches long; and a well-disposed *gamin*, leaning over the gallery, kindly urges her at last to, "Speak up, miss; don't be ashamed of yourself."

Mrs. Malaprop and *Sir Anthony Absolute* appear—*Sir Anthony* very tottering as to his knees, very deeply rouged as to his face, but deficient as to his memory, indifferent as to his voice, and stonily rigid as to every movement. A smile reappears on the face of Baymouth—*Mr. Frank Dexter*, as the irascible *Sir Anthony* is going to give it its money's worth, once more. *Mrs. Malaprop* however, goes to the other extreme; her strong gray eyes survey Baymouth unflinchingly, and she immediately casts into the shade all who have appeared before her the moment she opens her lips.

In the next act, *Mr. Longworth*, in the scarlet coat and gold trimmings of

the dashing and deceiving *Captain Absolute* appears, and *Mr. Longworth* is cool and collected, is master of both voice and memory, and Baymouth begins to feel it has really gone to the theatre, and is assisting at a play. This impression is confirmed when *Leonce Durand*, darkly handsome, deeply jealous, in most becoming black velvet, strides forward to the foot lights. *Bob Acres* in the hands of *Mr. Beckwith*, is the dreariest of failures; but *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* comes in, is received with rapture, speaks up like a man, and from this moment the fortune of the piece is made. Even *Sir Anthony* forgets for a moment the depressing superfluity of legs and arms he has been labouring under, and stamps up and down, memory and voice restored.

There can be no doubt, however, well as *Longworth*, *O'Sullivan*, and *Miss Hariott* acquit themselves, that *Durand* is pre-eminently the star of the night. There is a real and passionate earnestness in his morbid, jealousy and torturing love that Baymouth has not expected, and that holds it silent and surprised.

"Gad, you know," as *Mr. Beckwith* remarks, at the wings, "he goes at it as if he had never done anything else but make love to, and be jealous of *Miss Marie*. By George, you know, he does it as if he meant it."

When the fifth act opens with the impassioned scene between the lover's—*Julia's* renunciation of him and *Faulkland's* despair—there is something most painful in the realism, the intensity with which *Durand* goes through it. *Marie*, too, for the first time, draws up her tall slender figure, her eyes kindle, she extends one hand, her voice rises, her gaze transfixes him—in that gaze, anger, scorn, contempt.

"But one word more!" she says, and her voice rings clearly, sternly out, as though that word were not acting, but inexorable reality. "As once my faith has been given you, I will never barter it with another. I shall pray for your happiness, and the dearest blessing I can ask of heaven to send you will be to charm you from that unhappy temper which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement. And let it not be your least regret that it has lost you the love of one who

would have followed you in beggary throughout the world!"

She goes with a sweep of the hand, and something in her face that is not acting. *Faulkland's* burst of despair thrills every heart.

"She is gone, and for ever! Oh! fool, dolt, barbarian!"

Baymouth stares—this is not the sort of thing they paid their money to see.

An injured sense comes upon them of having been swindled—where does the laugh they bargained for come in here? But the duel scene begins, and *Bob Acres* is funnier than ever was *Bob Acres* without intending it in the least, and *Sir Anthony* is suddenly sulky, and doesn't care whether he blunders or not and Baymouth is in a broad grin once more when the curtain falls.

The "Rivals" ends. Altogether it has not been such bad fun, Baymouth decides, if that Frenchman had not played so absurdly well. A storm of applause greets the finish—*Mrs. Malaprop* is called for, *Captain Absolute* is called for, and when he appears, holding his father by the hand, there is some danger of the roof coming off. The young ladies are called for, but decline to come.

Sir Lucius O'Trigger is called for vociferously, and to him there is flung a bouquet of size and beauty. With emotion and gratitude beaming from every feature, Mr. O'Sullivan stoops to pick it up, when lo! it slowly but surely evades his grasp, and ascends majestically to the regions whence it came. A blank stare from the great *Sir Lucius*, a roar from the audience, and then the curtain is down. Baymouth is departing, and the amateur performance is at an end.

The conclusion of the entertainment is to be celebrated by a little supper at Miss Hariott's. Thither the whole company, in high good humour—with one exception—repair. Need it be said that exception is Mr. Dexter, who off the stage seems to exchange the bluff and blustering character of *Sir Anthony* for the moodily misanthropical one of *Faulkland*. The real *Faulkland* is in the wildest of wild high spirits, the excitement of the evening seems to have flown to his head like champagne.

Perhaps it is that he still fancies himself performing the role of Marie Lan-

delle's lover that makes him keep so persistently by her side makes him talk to her so incessantly, and laugh so feverishly and often. Reine watches him, that terror Longworth has seen there before rising in her eyes. Longworth watches her, she watches Durand, Frank watches Marie—Marie whose face looks cold, and pale, and fixed almost as marble in its chill displeasure. All through the supper Durand's spirits keep at fever heat. He tells stories and leads the laugh, pays voluble compliments to all the ladies upon their acting, but chiefly to Marie.

"She cast me off with withering scorn as if it were reality, not acting, did she not, Frank, *tres cher*?" he cries, gayly. "I stand renounced and rejected for ever."

"You bear it well, at least," says Frank, coldly.

He is looking with angry contempt at his rival, but he sees, too, the fiery flash of Reine's dark eyes across the table. For Marie, who is next him, she turns deliberately to Longworth, her neighbour on the left, and looks at Durand no more.

Supper ends—all rise and disperse through the rooms, for Miss Hariott has thrown open every apartment. A moment later Longworth sees Reine approach, say a few words to Durand, sees him listen attentively, nod silently, and presently disappear altogether. Mrs. Beckwith flutters up, addresses him, claims his attention, and five minutes later, when he looks again, Reine, too, is gone.

"Where is Durand?" he inquires, carelessly of his hostess.

"Gone out to indulge in a cigar," she answers; "finds indoors too close. He has found something to upset him, certainly. He is altogether unlike himself to night."

"Still the smoking idea is a good one. The house is close. I think I will step out and blow a cloud myself."

He goes, the night is dark, starless, and sultry for September; the little rooms are unpleasantly heated. He is vaguely uneasy: the sense of something being wrong and secret between Durand and these sisters is upon him more strongly than ever. There is a meaning under the manner of all three that

irritates and baffles him. Why has Reine made him quit the house and go home? Is she afraid of some reckless disclosure? And where is Reine? Has she gone with him? He lights his cigar with a savage feeling upon him of being plotted against and tricked, and stands leaning upon the porch, hidden in the obscurity of the night.

Presently, as he stands motionless, he sees two figures approaching from the opposite end of the walk. His sight is keen; it is a man and a woman—it is Durand and Reine, and it is Reine who is speaking in a vehement, passionately angry undertone. In the stillness he hears every word.

"I have told you again and again, and yet again, Leonce, that this rashness will be fatal—you will ruin us all. Already people look at us with suspicion and curiosity, to-night more than ever. I entreat you, I implore you to go before it is too late."

"I will not go," he answer, doggedly. "I had the right to come, I have the right to stay. What care I for people's looks or suspicions? Let the worst come if it will; nothing *can* be worse than leaving my wife to be made love to by another man. You may preach prudence, but I am not a stock or a stone. I can't endure this much longer. There are times, I tell you, when I am almost mad. The end will be that I will go to Madame Windsor and tell her all."

"Then hear me!" Reine cries, still in that passionate undertone, "on the day you do, I give you up for ever! I will never forgive you, nor see you, I swear it, as long as I live. What! are you a coward and a traitor, as well as——"

"Go on," Durand says, with a jeering laugh.

"Was it not enough," she vehemently retorts, but always in that passionate whisper, "to entrap a girl who loved you, who trusted you, into a secret marriage, but you must break your solemn promise and come here and blight every prospect in life? Leonce! Leonce!" she cries, and all at once the hot anger dies out, and her voice breaks into a sob, "you must indeed be mad."

They pass on. Durand lingers for a moment in the porch, holding both her

hands and speaking earnestly. Then he bends and kisses her, and both pass out of sight and hearing into the house.

For Longworth—he stands stunned; it is no figure of speech—literally and absolutely stunned. He takes off his hat a sort of giddiness upon him for a moment. His wife! Durand's wife! The words keep beating themselves out in his brain over, and over, and over. This, then, is the secret at last.

He does not know how long he stands. He hears the company breaking up, but he does not stir; he hears himself inquired for, but it never occurs to him to move. Presently they come flocking out, and there is a confusion of tongues, many voices speaking at once, and wondering where he can be. The angle of the porch screens him completely; his cigar has gone out and does not betray him. He can distinguish the voice of Reine; then Marie speaks, then Frank, then Durand.

"He only stepped out to smoke a cigar," says Miss Hariott, perplexedly. "The earth cannot have opened and swallowed him, can it?"

"You haven't an old oak chest anywhere about, have you?" says little Mrs Beckwith, laughing. "If so, open it before you go to bed, and you will find his mouldering remains."

"Shouldn't wonder if he got tired of us all and went home promiscuously," says Mrs. Beckwith's lord and master. "Odd fellow, Longworth—played uncommon well, to-night. Went down on his knees to you, Ma'amselle Reine, as if he was used to it, bless you, and liked it. Well, good night—good morning rather, Miss Hariott, for there goes two o'clock. Come, my dear."

They go down to the gate and disappear with many good nights, many wondering comments where Mr. Longworth can be. As Miss Hariott returns he steps out of his concealment, and follows her into the house. She turns round and recoils from him with a scream.

"Laurence! Good heaven alive! What is the matter?"

"What do you see the matter?" he says, in a voice that does not sound like Longworth's.

"Look at yourself," she answers.

And he glances at a mirror opposite. His face is deadly white.

"Ah, pale, am I?"

"Pale! You are ghastly. What, in heaven's name has happened?"

"Nothing has happened. I think I had a touch of vertigo out there—heat probably. I did not join the people, but I could not go without saying good night."

"Drink this," she says, and hands him a glass of wine.

Her hand shakes as she offers it. Something *has* happened—something strange and out of the common, she feels.

He takes it with a smile.

"I always obey you, I think," he says "You are the best and truest of friends. Good night."

He lays down the glass, finds his hat, and before she can speak is gone.

(*To be Continued.*)

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

THOMAS DAVIS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

WE will not speak of Davis as a youth, nor refer to his school-days, of which one anecdote only is on record, nor go into the story of his life, beyond stating that he was born in Mallow, and consequently has often been called the "Minstrel of Mallow" by those who had the honor and pleasure of being numbered amongst his numberless friends. As we do not purpose referring to his lengthy and varied political writings, nor to his beautiful and powerful essays, but merely to his poems, we will begin to trace his upward career from the end of 1843 to the sadly eventful day—the 16th September, 1845—when forevermore was "still the burning heart of Davis."

In our last Essay we gave a description, from the pen of Duffy, of Davis' physical appearance, and we passed a few remarks upon his noble character. Up to 1842, when first the *Nation* appeared, Davis was, we might say, unknown in Ireland. And until the end of 1843 he himself never knew that he could write a line of poetry. In fact he had no confidence in himself upon that score, and he knew not the hidden pow-

er that lay covered from the world deep down in his own soul.

One of his characteristics was that of being able to make of every one he met a friend. He knew how to correct, to order, to regulate, even to command his companions, and to do so in such a manner that they would never perceive it. He would tell a friend where he was mistaken, and in the same breath would be asking his pardon for so doing.

Davis wrote a multitude of poems, and nearly all in the space of one year—1844—and amidst the trouble and toil and labor that daily grew more extensive. He was, without a doubt, the organizer, the head, the soul and the moving power of that band of patriots whose aim was the education and freedom of Ireland. He made for himself the task of building up a Nation—and were it not for his untimely death, when yet in the flower of manhood and the vigor of almost youth, he certainly would have accomplished mighty things. "Over the grave of no other man living, or that lived in our times," says a writer, "did there gather such a union of parties and such a concourse of brilliant intelligences."

But we are going too rapidly! Already are we at his grave, before we have commenced his *poetic* life. It was a short life that of *the poet* Davis. One year and a half at most did he live to woo the muses. But what wonderful things he wrote in that brief space! When the *Nation* was about a year in existence, the leaders began to see the truth of Fletcher's famous saying and resolved to write poetry, or have it written. They knew that unless they commenced by setting the example, that they would never be able to procure poets. They consequently resolved to attempt it. When Davis was asked for a poem, he point-blank refused, saying that he would write day and night for them in prose, but to try poetry he knew he never could. However they hammered at him until he at last resolved to try the task.

Davis tried—he surprised himself, he astonished his companions and he electrified the whole Irish people. From the day his first poem came out, till the day his last and saddest production appeared, from Loch Foyle to Bantry,

from Ben-Heber to the Shannon's mouth, in town and village, in city and country place, in palace and hut, millions awaited with anxious hearts the appearance of each successive gem from the casket of "The Celt," and with glistening eyes and flushed or palid cheeks they would listen to the reading of those masterly Irish Ballads—from his "Fontenoy" to his last touching lines, "My Grave." And while, yet, the country was in an ecstasy of admiration over the last-mentioned poem, in Baggot Street, Dublin, in the house so well known to the literary men of the day, surrounded by his mother and sister and Neville, the old servant, lay (what Duffy styles the most tragic object his eyes ever beheld) the dead body of Thomas Davis.

There stood three with broken spirits, there was another yet, dearer to him than life, one who knew not of his short and fatal illness and from whom he strove to hide it, who awoke on that 16th September to hear the news that snapped the heart-chord of life and turned all a future of glory into the blank of the tomb; there were a dozen or more of those who knew and loved him, and who daily labored with him, who were stupified on hearing the news and who could not look each other in the face on meeting without filling with tears; there was a whole people, a noble, patriotic, loving people that groaned and wept when the sad event was made known, there were Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, Catholic and Protestant people, sons of every creed who felt the awful creeping chill of horror seize upon them when they heard for the first time the words, "Thomas Davis is dead!" Were ever man more universally loved! Were ever man more nobly gifted! Were ever man more universally bemoaned?

Let us now refer to some of his poems, and in so doing we hope and pray that the day will come when his worth and greatness will be universally known, not only amongst Irishmen, but amongst the sons of every land!

Some of the first poems Davis attempted were his National Songs. Truly they have a genuine tinge of real Irish Nationality about them—as he himself says, "The greatest achievement of the Irish people is their music. It tells

their history, climate and character; but it too much loves to weep. Let us, when so many of our chains have been broken,—while our strength is great, and our hopes high,—cultivate its bolder strains—its raging and rejoicing; or if we weep, let it be like men whose eyes are lifted, though their tears fall." See in his "Man of Tipperary" the putting into practice of that principle:—

"Let Britain boast her British hosts,
About them all right little care we;
Not British seas nor British coasts
Can match The man of Tipperary!

"Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His spirit light as any fairy—
His wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps the hills of Tipperary!

* * * * *

"Let Britain brag her motley rag;
We'll lift the Green more prond and airy:—
Be mine the lot to bear the flag—
And head the men of Tipperary!"

Then how very beautiful is the description of the country he gives in that sweeping ballad, "The Twin Rivers":—

"There's a far-famed Blackwater that runs
to Loch Neagh,
There's a fairer Blackwater that runs to
the sea,
The glory of Ulster
The beauty of Munster,
These Twin Rivers be!"

See the spirit he flings into those lines on "The Steed":—

"Oh, for a steed, a rushing steed on the
plains of Hindoostan,
And a hundred thousand cavaliers to
charge like a single man,
Till our shirts were red
And the English fled—
Like a cowardly caravan!

Add to these ballads "Glengariff," "The West's Asleep," "The Song of the Irish Militia," and the "Celts and Saxons," and you will say that there is enough in those few to render Davis immortal as a national poet. You will feel that it was a great work to write them all in so short a space of time and under such difficult circumstances. But what will you say when we state that these few poems were but the off-shoot of his mind, or to speak more correctly, the first-born of his poetic spirit. They were at once followed by those love songs, which are as intensely Irish and

national as the poems we have just mentioned. More so perhaps! Thus does he explain the object of those Irish Love Ballads and his explanation is fully carried out in the composition of each particular poem.

"It is not a gambling fortune," he says, "made at imperial play, Ireland wants, it is the pious and stern cultivation of her faculties and her virtues, the acquisition of faithful and exact habits and the self-respect that rewards the dutiful and sincere life. To get her peasants into snug homes, with well-tilled fields and placid hearths,—to develop the ingenuity of her artists,—to make for her own instruction a literature wherein our climate, history and passions shall breathe,—to gain conscious strength and integrity, and the high post of holy freedom;—these are Ireland's wants."

When we read his chants, we find that he ever strives to embody in each of them some portion of those ideas and principles thus expressed in his essay. His "Love's Longings,"—"Hope Deferred," "Eibhlin a Ruin,"—"The Banks of the Lee,"—"The Girl of Dun-buoy,"—"Annie Dear,"—"Oh, the Marriage,"—and "The Bride of Mallow"—all speak at once love of Erin and her daughters. To shew how varied and beautiful the versification used by Davis was, we will cite a stanza from each of four love-songs. Firstly, "The Bride of Mallow"—

"'Twas dying they thought her
And kindly they brought her
To the banks of Blackwater
Where her forefathers lie;
'Twas the place of her childhood,
And they hoped that its wildwood
And air soft and mild would
Soothe her spirit to die."

"But she met on its border
A lad who adored her—
No rich man, nor lord, or
A coward, or slave
But one who had worn
A green coat, and borne
A pike from Slieve Mourne
With the patriots brave!"

The imagination of the reader can easily picture the ending of the story—we have not space to go any further in the citation. Let us see another stanza from another poem, written in another style, and yet with another spirit. Thus

does he open the poem entitled, "The Welcome."

"Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you—
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;—
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever!"

Again another form of verse, and still filled with the self-same spirit, is that of "The Boatman of Kinsale."

"His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
His love is rich to me;
I could not in a palace find
A truer heart than he.
The eagle shelters not his nest
From hurricane and hail,
More bravely than he guards my breast—
The Boatman of Kinsale!"

And as a last example of his love-songs, we will cite—

"My Land,"—

"She is a rich and rare land
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land:
She is a dear and rare land
This native land of mine."

The object of an Essay can be none other than to so point out and indicate the most attractive beauties in a subject, and to so arrange them that the reader may gain a relish for the reading of them and may know where to look for them. It is with this object that we merely point out, here and there, a few of these beautiful poems—the reader who desires to have them in full has but to refer to "Hayes' Ballads" or to "Davis' poems," a volume compiled by one of his colleagues of the *Nation*.

After his love songs come the historical ballads. Such as the following may be ranked among this latter class. "A Nation Once Again," "The Fate of King Dathi," "Argan Mor," "The True Irish King," "The Geraldines,"—"O'Brien of Ara," "Emmeline Talbot," "The Sack of Baltimore." The never to be forgotten and world-famed, "Battle of Fontenoy," "Tone's Grave," and a multitude of others, equally grand,

and equally patriotic, which (to use a common expression) are too numerous to mention.

His address to the person chosen to chisel the statue of O'Connell and his poem on "Nationality," are still more powerful than any before mentioned. These were written towards the end of his too short life. There are, however, two poems from which we must cite a few lines and we do so for a special object. Davis, as is known, was a Protestant, but a Protestant that loved his Catholic fellow countrymen as well as those of his own creed. He was a man the very opposite of a bigot. And what Catholic could make use of a more beautiful comparison than the one used by Davis in the following lines?—

"I was walking along in a pleasant place,
In the county of Tipperary;
The scene smiled as happy as the holy face
Of the Blessed Virgin Mary;
And the trees were proud and the sward
was green,
And the birds sang loud in the leafy scene."

The italics are our own—we make them in order to draw special attention to the lines referred to. Again in that touching poem entitled, "The Burial"—where he laments the death and describes the obsequies of a martyred Catholic Priest, he gives vent to his feelings in the most glowing language, and he makes use of a most Catholic sentiment—for example in these lines:

"Ululu! Ululu! Kind was his heart!
Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we
shall part,
The faithful, the pious, the Priest of the
Lord,
His pilgrimage over, he has his reward,
By the bed of the sick, lowly kneeling,
To God with the raised cross appealing—
He seems still to kneel and he seems still to
pray,
And the sins of the dying seem passing away!"

After describing the whole ceremony of burial, he gives full scope to his feeling of patriotism in the "vow" spoken by the crowd over the grave. They tell their woes and sorrows, and then their vow by crying out—

"No! 'round this grave our oath we plight,
To watch, and labor, and unite,
'Till banded be the nation's might—
Its spirit steeled.
And then, collecting all our force,
We'll cross oppression in its course
And die—or all our rights enforce
On battle field."

After such a vow been spoken—he seems to turn from the scene and leaving the people to lament the dead priest he thus meditates in his own mind—

"Like an ebbing sea, that will come again,
Slowly retired that host of men;
Methinks they'll keep some other day,
The oath they swore on the martyr's clay!"

Did Davis then foresee that scarcely these beautiful lines would be read over all Ireland than a weeping, wailing, sorrowing, mournful crowd would stand in Mount Jerome and *vow* to carry on the noble work which he commenced, while they were gazing upon the fresh green grave of Ireland's well-beloved? Did Davis dream that he would be cold e'er the vow spoken upon the grave of the martyr-priest could be heard by universal Ireland? This we know not. But we know that with an almost prophetic spirit he wrote the last and saddest of all his productions, "My Grave—

"Will they bury me in the deep,
Where the wind forgetting water's sleep?"

He asks and answers, "Oh, no! oh, no!"
He then asks sadly—

"Will they heave my corpse in the battle
mound
Where coffinless thousands lie under the
ground?"

Just as they fall they are buried so
Oh, no! oh, no!"

He asks will he find his grave in the wolf or the vulture or shall his ashes "career on the world-seeing wind"—and to all forms of interment and all species of graves he says, *no!* Then he tells how he would wish to be enshrined—

"No; on an Irish green hill side;
In an open lawn, but not too wide—
For I love the drip of the wetted trees,
I love not the gales, but the gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf; put no tombstone there
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew
The matted grass roots may trickle through,
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
He served his country and loved his kind.
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go—
If one were sure to be buried so!"

Such was Davis' last poem and the last lines from his pen that ever appeared in the *Nation*. The people all over the country were reading the number of the paper that contained this touching production and they were wondering what next would Davis write. The

next number of the paper was in deep mourning and over the poet's column were the sad words announcing the untimely death of the first Bard of Ireland—the "Celt of the *Nation*"—the "Minstrel of Mallow"—Thomas Osborne Davis!

He died in vacation time, and nearly all his friends were away in the country—but despite circumstances a public funeral was organized and thousands, with sad faces and tearful eyes, followed to the "last home of youth and eld"—the remains of that young man—that admired and beloved of all. Partizanship was forgotten—and the orange and green were furled and men of every creed and every political hue, turned out to do honor to the patriot and poet that Ireland lost.

Hogan, the great sculptor, made a beautiful monument that to-day stands above the ashes of Davis. He deserved it well—but his true monument was in the heart of the *Nation*.

"It is not Death alone, but Time and Death that canonize the Patriot," says Duffy in his introduction to Davis' essays. He goes on to say, "we are still too near to see his proportions truly. The friends to whom his singularly noble and loveable character was familiar, and who know all the great designs he was bringing to maturity, are in no fit condition to measure his intellectual force with a calm judgment. The people who knew him imperfectly, or not at all—for it was one of the practical lessons he taught the young men of his generation, to be chary of notoriety—have still to gather from his works whatever faint image of a true Great Man, can ever be collected from books. Till they have done this, they will not be prepared to hear the whole truth of him. All he was, and might have become, they can never fully know; and it is their unconsciousness, of what they have lost, impresses those who knew him and them, with that pitying pain we feel for the indifference of a child to the death of his father."

Davis was one of those men that was "stirring like a soul in the bosom of society." He sleeps to night upon Irish soil, and under Irish shamrocks—but his memory lives and the extent and importance of all he did is augmented

by the thought of all he might have done had he been spared. But the influence of his works was felt more after his death than during his life time. He was a giant amongst his fellow men—a giant of intellect we mean—for physically speaking, Davis was rather low-sized and young looking. It seems that at first sight a stranger would take him to be a mere school boy, but before he had spoken twice no one could fail to recognize in him—"the torrent of strength that was to break the Union!"

John Fisher Murray wrote a lament of Davis, and Richard D'Alton Williams wrote another, again another was written by "Mary," of the *Nation* in which all the gushings of pure womanly love and sorrow are found, and a still more pathetic but simpler one appeared in the *Nation* without a signature. It ends by stating that if Ireland with God's help should be free—"then under God, to Thomas Davis let the greater praise belong."

We will now conclude with the hope that the day will come when Davis and his works and merits will be known to all the world!

Green Park, Aylmer, P. Q.

CHIT-CHAT.

—At a banquet given by a Catholic Club in Liverpool, Eng., the health of his Holiness was, according to custom, drunk before that of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, whereon a certain Protestant paper (name withheld out of respect for its character) thus amusingly delivered itself:

"It is quite possible that when matters arrive at a climax which they must do sooner or later, in connection with the arrogant assumptions of the Papacy in this country (Eng.) then Protestant pluck will show itself in such a manner as to give but little chance for a Pope and his upholders to have sway in England or to insult England's Queen * * The blasphemer of Rome who declares himself to be infallible like unto God, placed in honor before a Christian Queen, is an outrage on religion, morality and good manners."

Who will say after *that*, that we are a tolerant people. Well! "The arrogant

must indeed have come to a climax, assumptions of the Papacy," in England when English Catholics can dare so wicked a thing as to honor their religion before their country—their Pope before their Queen. To the Protestant mind it must always appear strange why Catholics will persist in thinking so much of God and so little of man. It was an English Protestant poet who sang :

"I love not man the less but nature more."
Of course had he dared to sing :

"I love not man the less, but God the more."

he would have been in daily dread that "Protestant pluck would shew itself in such a manner as to leave but little chance for poet ever again to insult England's Queen." Somehow or other it appears to us, that all the blasphemy is on the side of Protestant pluck, which dares maintain, that its Queen is above its God—its country before its religion. Our friend should remember that it was God that made the world, and not Queen Victoria, and that therefore as Creator of the world, he has somewhat more claim to precedence, than a Queen, who was herself created. England no doubt is a great country, and England's Queen is a great personage (though the fact of her being a mere puppet in the hands of her prime minister somewhat to our mind detracts from her greatness,) still great though she is she is hardly to be compared to the King of Kings.

—The Protestant mind will misunderstand the honor we give our Pope. Whilst honouring our Queen, not so much for herself (for that would be creature worship *i.e.* idolatry) but for those free institutions, which she represents, Catholics may surely be allowed to do the same in the spiritual order. To Catholics their Pope is God's representative on earth, and as such claims from them precedence in honor over all other representative Kings. In honouring him, they honor Him whom he represents. In giving him second place, they would be giving second place to Him he represents.

—But perhaps it is our Protestant

friend's ignorance of Catholic doctrine, that is at the bottom of all this virtuous indignation. "The blasphemer of Rome" he says "who declares himself to be *infallible like unto God*." Really this is most crass ignorance of Catholic doctrine. No Pope ever declared that he was infallible like unto God, and our friend ought to know it. Where has he been these last few years? Hibernating with the bears! But then even the bears do not hibernate during the summer. Where was he during the Vatican Council? Does he not know (if he does not he ought to be ashamed of his ignorance) that that most reverend assembly declared the Pope infallible *only* under very restricted circumstances? to wit: when speaking to the whole Church in his official character as Head of the Church, on some point of faith or morals. But this is not to be *infallible like unto God*. God's infallibility knows no restriction. God is infallible in all times and all places and under all circumstances. God's is an universal infallibility. Not so the Pope's. His infallibility is restricted to time and is bounded by four restrictions: 1st, He must be speaking; 2nd, to the whole Church; 3rd, in his official character as head of the Church; 4th, on some point of faith and morals. Surely this is a very different thing from God's infallibility. Our friend is either very ignorant, or very inaccurate, or very malevolent.

—And "Protestant pluck" forsooth! Is the poor man afraid? The Catholics of England and Scotland do not number a seventh of the population. When we were a child, we were taught by our Protestant school master, that every Englishman could whip seven Papist Frenchmen. Surely then seven Protestant Englishmen ought to be more than a match for one poor Papist. Our friend is taking counsel of his fears somewhat too pusillanimously.

—We live in great times and under a great government! Let us rest and be thankful. Under the great British Constitution!—that huge impalpable humbug—*any letter written by anybody else, may be opened by anybody who chooses*. This is outrageous. If this goes on long

Nihilism will not be confined to Russia. It is impossible to suppose, that any race of intelligent people will long remain passive under such enactments. It may do well with Englishmen so long as Irish letters alone are opened. But let English letters be opened and then we shall see what we shall see. John Bull has great pleasure in seeing other men's, and especially Irishmen's, corns trodden upon. Then he will laugh a pleasant laugh, but when the post office clerks begin to tread on his own toes—begin to want to pry a little into his private concerns, and in the furtherance of that pious desire, open a few of John's own letters, then it will begin to creep into his crass understanding that a great wrong has been done—that a great bulwark of liberty has been allowed to be pulled down and that honest John is being humbugged by his servants.

—“But surely the law is not as you represent it.” What else is it then? No stamp is necessary on the envelope to shew by whose order the seal has been cut. There is no record of the transaction kept in the post office. The violated cover is all that exists of the transaction. Whether cut open by the Post Master General or by the small little boy in the post office—who can tell?

—“But the Postmaster General can tell.” How? If he cannot always tell where registered letters have gone to—how will he be able to tell, who opened a letter?

—“The first clerk, that handles the letter after it has been opened will remember it.” Yes; at first, perhaps, while opened letters are few, but after a while they will cease to be noticed. John Bull you are badly fooled through your insane haste to “put down those Irish.”

“If there are any persons to whom the mere fact, that we have *no right* to remain at Candahar except the right to conquest seems conclusive against our remaining, I say plainly, that I do not hold that view.” (Lord Derby in presence of two or three hundred intelligent English gentlemen.)

Admirable robber civilization of England! They may keep who can! Truly we are improving *up* from the ape! “If there are any persons to whom the mere fact, that I have no right to this pocket-handkerchief except the fact that I stole it, seems conclusive against my retaining it, I say plainly I do not hold, that view.” (Thus spoke the pickpocket.) H. B.

THE EXPELLED RELIGIOUS ORDERS.—

It is well worth while to notice what an amount of work the French Government did in the way of expelling members of religious orders in the six months ending December 31, 1880. Our contemporary, the *Semaine Religieuse*, furnishes us with a list for the edification of our readers:

Jesuits, 2,464; Barnabites, 32; Capuchins, 406; Camaldulans, 4; Carmelites, 176; Benedictines, 239; Basilnas, 80; Bernardines, 18; Canons of Lateran, 27; Cistercians, 75; Fathers of St Martin, 91; Regulars of St. Saviour, 28; Congregationists of St. Thomas, 12; Fathers of the Children of Mary, 45; Eudists, 153; Brothers of St. Jean de Dieu, 168; Fathers of Refuge of St. Joseph, 30; Brothers of St. Peter in Chains, 41; Fathers of the Mission Hospital, 53; Missionists, 53; Oblates, 240; Resurrectionists, 68; Marists, 30; Ireneaus, 20; Fathers of the Society of Mary, 170; Fathers of Our Lady of Zion, 20; Priests of Ste. Face, 3; Fathers of the Immaculate Conception, 51; Religious of St. Edem, 25; Trappists, 1,450; Missionaries of St. Francois de Sales, 8; Redemptorists, 126; Dominicans, 294; Franciscans, 409; Missions, 4; Passionists, 31; Camelians, 10; Fathers of Christian Charity, 8; Somascians, 14; Trinitarians; 11.

This makes in all 7,178 members of religious orders that have all been turned out of their homes, and most of them out of France, for no other reason than that they would not submit to having their existence placed under the control of the State.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

At an entertainment recently given by the Catholic Young Men's Society of St Bridget's Parish, in this city, Mr. W. J. O'Hara delivered the following address on "The Irish Question." The subject and manner of delivery was highly appreciated by the audience, if we may judge by the hearty applause accorded to the speaker and the cordial vote of thanks passed to him at the close. Mr. O'Hara prefaced his address by paying a tribute of commendation to Associations similar to the one before which he appeared that evening, and pointing out the vast amount of good they are capable of attaining, if the principles upon which they are based are followed out. The speaker continued as follows:—

There is a subject full of interest just now to the sons and daughters of Erin all over the world. It is one dear, also, to the hearts of every one of us who cherish that country as our fatherland. We are watching with deep anxiety the great agitation and the intense struggle now going on there among the masses of her people for what I may call—self-preservation, the first law of nature—the right to live on and by the soil of their ancestors.

From these Western shores of the Atlantic, from this Canadian Dominion of ours, where the Irish people are taking a worthy and a noble part in the solidification and extension of a new Canadian heritage; striving harmoniously and peacefully and successfully, with their fellow-citizens of other origins, in working out the grand problem of national formation and national development in this great portion of the North American Continent;—pursuing the arts of peace and the occupations of industry and commerce, free from those turbulent and destructive socialistic elements which are marring the civilization of other countries, and creating uneasiness and uncertainty—from this peaceful and progressive land, I say, we are looking with intense interest and with yearning pity and affection across the wide ocean towards poor agitated and afflicted Ireland, and we are sending her in her hour of greatest need not only our heartfelt sympathy and

prayers, but the moral and material support of a contented and prosperous people—the bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, living in a free land, where feudalism and famine, thanks be to God, are unknown.

Ireland and her condition shall have our thoughts to night. We will not in our prosperity and progress forget her in her misery and struggles and tears.

No, in the words addressed by the patriotic prophet to Jerusalem, we will exclaim: "If I forget thee, Oh Ireland! let my right hand forget its cunning; if ever I do not speak of thee lovingly and reverently, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

A facetious authority once gave it as his opinion that the troubles of Ireland arose from its being surrounded by a "melancholy ocean."

It has not been my good fortune to know anything personally of the ocean that beats against Ireland's coast, but I should not be surprised to hear that even the sea murmured and wailed—that even the cruel and heartless ocean itself assumed a melancholy aspect, and its mighty bosom was moved anon to sympathy and anon to fury at the sad fate of its own Emerald gem.

But what I do know is that if Ireland could only be unfastened from her present moorings and towed over to this side of the Atlantic, and anchored—say in the vicinity of Nova Scotia, Canadian statesmen would soon show the statesmen of the Empire how to make her five millions and a half of Irish people prosperous and happy. This statement is as true as it is humiliating to British statesmanship.

The British statesmen of the past (and there are, I am sorry to say, some such even in the present) in the barbarous methods they adopted towards Ireland were not only its enemies but enemies of England as well. The Right Hon John Bright, who is not one of this class of statesmen, has said: "The man who insults Ireland or injures it, who tramples upon it, who denies it just rights, is an enemy of England as much as an enemy of Ireland." Every blow struck at Ireland not only brought devastation to her but strained and weakened the arm that dealt it, and Ireland's

prostration and poverty and sorrow did not add to England's power or riches or honor.

Nations, any more than individuals, cannot escape the consequences and the punishment of crime. Sooner or later retribution must come. "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." There is a God of Eternal Justice whose Providence is manifested even in the fall of a sparrow; and He has ordained that man cannot work mischief to his fellow-man and escape himself unhurt—he cannot pull down the social edifice or the structure of another's happiness without being injured by the falling mass of atoms—he cannot throw bomb-shells of prejudice and hate and tyranny and all uncharitableness into the midst of a people and hope to be free from all the effects of the terrible explosion. No! the elements of destruction will reach himself in their progress, and he will realize that God's laws of justice for the government of society cannot be disregarded any more than His laws of nature, without working discord and devastation to all around. The disturbance caused by the stone he casts into the ocean of human society will widen and widen till the ripples break on the shores of eternity. So is it Nations.

England has suffered and is suffering to-day the evil consequences of her Irish policy—a policy that tarnishes the glory of her career among nations, and casts the blot of shame upon her proud civilization. Instead of being a happy sister nation of England and Scotland, bound to them willingly by the "golden link of the Crown" and the ties of a friendly and equitable partnership, Ireland was forced to be a thorn in the side of Great Britain, and was made to feel again and again that England's greatest difficulty was Ireland's only opportunity.

The tragic drama of Ireland, my friends, is one of many acts.

The sad story, with its harrowing details, would fill volumes. I cannot compress even its outlines into the limits of an address.

The causes which have kept Ireland in continual discontent, agitation and poverty for centuries, and which account for her condition to-day, are both

historical and social. In alluding to them to-night, I have not time, even if I had the inclination, to recall and relate the deeds of oppression, rapine and cruelty committed in the government of that country by and in the name of the law.

To break into the Irish sepulchre of the past and drag forth the crumbling bones of dead penal laws and the hideous skeletons of malignant tyranny and feudal oppression, is work which may be a stern necessity in the exposition of Ireland's case to the world, but it is work which my feelings shrink from and which I shall not undertake to-night. But these terrible spectacles are there; and the honest searcher for the causes of Irish discontent and Irish turbulence must see them and shudder, especially when he finds that their ghosts still stalk the land, and their offspring have not all disappeared.

Ireland was, unfortunately, a divided country when the invader came, and yet it struggled hard, but fitfully, against him, with wavering results, for more than 500 years. Its people could neither be absorbed nor exterminated. It cannot be said to have been completely conquered until the capitulation of Limerick in 1691. Unfortunately it was afterwards governed as a conquered country only, and it was not even thought necessary to keep faith with it. It was delivered up a prey to greedy adventurers and brutal soldiers. Conquest and confiscation were its lot. The early system of land-ownership in Ireland was changed in the time of Elizabeth, in order that confiscation might be made more easy and more complete. James the 1st gave his Scotch followers the best part of six whole counties, and made the Irish outcasts on their own soil. Cromwell came with the cry, to "Hell or to Connaught," and with an army of spoilers, among whom he parcelled out the finest land in Ireland east of the Shannon; and so most of the land in Ireland is held to-day by no better title than that of conquest and confiscation. Landlordism was an imposition upon Ireland by monarchs and statesmen enforced by the sword; and landlordism in Ireland means something far different from landlordism in any other part of the civilized earth. Why the very

history of it boils the blood in the veins of people reading it thousands of miles away from the scenes of its operation—people who are strangers both to the oppressor and the oppressed, but whose humanity, not to speak of their Christian feeling, is aroused to abhorrence at, and revolt against, the unjust and outrageous deeds of tyrannical Irish lords who imitated humanity so abominably. Whoever would fully understand and appreciate the Irish question must needs wade through this revolting story of unparalleled cruelty and wrong.

Ireland is an agricultural country. Her people follow the primitive occupation of man—they are mostly tillers of the soil, and they labor, at best, for a scanty subsistence. There is no diversity of employment in Ireland. There are but few manufacturing industries—linens, poplins, lace and embroidery on muslin are the chief and perhaps the only important fabrics of Irish manufacture. There are not more than half a dozen large cities in Ireland affording any variety of occupation that would lessen the strain upon the land. The consequence is a terrible competition for land—the people's only means of subsistence. The landlords thus hold control over the very lives of the people; and, as a rule, they wield the power with scant mercy. The people are mere tenants-at-will, at the mercy of the landlords' demands and decrees. And the landlord is a stranger to the people, who regards them with indifference wherever it is not really repugnance and contempt—who only cares for his Irish acres for the means they afford him to live luxuriously and lavishly, if not licentiously, abroad. There is no inducement to the tenant to be industrious and improve his holding—improvement by the tenant means increase of rent to the landlord. He heaps the burden on the struggling tenant till it becomes too heavy to bear, and then he evicts him without compensation—the miserable tenant drained of the last shilling his labor drew from the soil is driven forth by the arm of the law to beg or to die an outcast in sight of his old home. The tenant has obligations but no rights; the landlord has rights but no obligations.

The rights of ownership are determin-

edly exacted; the duties of ownership are completely neglected and ignored. A Liberal British Statesman once proclaimed in the British House of Commons that "Tenant right was landlord wrong." The law is all on the side of the landlord; the bayonets of the government support the law. Is it any wonder that under such a system both the landlord and the law are regarded by the people as their natural and combined enemies? Is it any wonder that the peasantry of Ireland have no affection for the landlord and no respect for the law? Both have acted together as their steadfast and relentless enemies to make them listless, abject, poor and miserable, and to hold them responsible afterwards for the misery the combination inflicted upon them, and for the insurrection and crime it goaded them to attempt or commit in their desperate despair.

The large proprietors of Irish land are absentees who spend their incomes out of the country. One-third of Ireland is owned by 290 persons; 744 persons own half of it, and 1942 persons own two-thirds of it; 2943 Irish landlords are said to be absentees, whose rent-roll amounts to £3,000,000 sterling—a sum equal to all the Customs Revenue of this Dominion. These privileged proprietors—few as they are—hold in their grasp the lives and homes of nearly four millions of Irish agriculturalists. Those who are not absentees are generally the poorer class of landlords, who cannot live in the atmosphere of luxurious courts, and who supplement the incomes they grind out of the tenantry by offices of emolument and profit held from the Crown.

Many of the great estates have been handed down from generation to generation under a heavy and an increasing incubus of mortgages and debts, that it would take a "Philadelphia lawyer" to make out the title if the property came into the market; but by means of entails and other devices these estates are kept in the possession of families and out of the grasp of swarms of creditors to whom they have been pawned and mortgaged over and over again.

One of the heroic remedies which the future must apply to this sort of pro-

prietorship is the abrogation of the laws of primogeniture and entail—the great step in the direction of free transactions in land—the policy of England in regard to almost every commodity. Mr Godkin, in his “Land War in Ireland,” brings the Irish question nearer the understanding and appreciation of Englishmen by the following supposition:—

“Imagine that in consequence of rebellions (against the Normans) the land of England had been confiscated three or four times after desolating wars and famines, so that all the native proprietors were expelled and the land was parcelled out to French soldiers and adventurers, on condition that the foreign planters should assist in keeping down the ‘mere English’ by force of arms. Imagine that the English, being crushed by a cruel penal code for a century, were allowed to re-occupy the soil as mere tenants-at-will, under the absolute power of their French landlords. If all this be imagined by English legislators and English writers, they will be better able to understand the Irish Land Question and to comprehend the nature of Irish difficulties, as well as the justice of feeble, insincere and baffled statesmen in casting the blame of Irish misery and disorder on the unruly and barbarous nature of Irishmen.”

The remedies are in the hands of the Government. They are difficult remedies, which only heroic and conscientious statesmen can apply. Landlords must be compelled to fulfil their duties as well as they enforce their rights. The State must assert its ultimate control of the soil. The old theory that the landlords have no obligations has been exploded. They have no unlimited rights. Their Charter must be made subservient to the common weal. In other respects the State controls immovable property for the public benefit. It is a fallacy to say that it cannot control landed estates. The greatest good of the greatest number is a principle which must prevail.

Some provisions are required for security or fixity of tenure at fair rents, with compensation for improvements, right to dispose of “the free will”—the unexpired term of leases—to acceptable

parties, and a measure favoring free sale, so as to establish farmer proprietorship. It is highly satisfactory now to find that Mr Gladstone's Government is about to grapple with this land question in an earnest and a heroic manner, and to undertake what will probably be a hard struggle with a privileged class. The promised reclamation by the Government of waste lands for lease or sale to the people on liberal and easy terms is a step in the right direction and calls for appreciation. Fully two millions of Ireland's 20 millions acres are waste lands. By the judicious expenditure of a few million pounds the Government could make nearly 80,000 farms and provide for perhaps half a million of people, thus relieving the general strain.

Ireland, in addition, needs to be governed according to “Irish ideas,” as Fox said in 1797; and to do this she needs to have some measure of what is called “Home rule”—the right to legislate for herself in her own local affairs.

Grattan, referring to the geographical position of Ireland in her connection politically with Great Britain, said “if the ocean forbade separation, the sea denied union.”

Home rule for local affairs with fair representation in an Imperial Parliament, controlling the Imperial interests of Great Britain and Ireland would meet that idea. Then a liberal assistance to emigrants who wished to seek fresh fields and pastures new, say in this Canada of ours. These would be measures of a paternal and conscientious Government, ashamed of the past neglect of British statesmen, (or rather British politicians who were not statesmen), and desirous of making just reparation, and removing discontent and the elements of disintegration and destruction.

The present is a critical period in Irish history. We are witnessing the greatest Irish agitation of this century. I do not despair of the future of Ireland, nor am I quite without confidence and hope in the Government led by the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding the bad way they began by yielding to British prejudices and inflicting the rod before applying the remedy. The Whigs of to-day, repre-

sented by such statesmen as Gladstone and Bright, are not like the Whigs of 50 years ago. In O'Connell's time, he said 'they were like Paddy's old hat stuck into a broken pane; they did not let in the light, but they kept out the cold.' But the march of events since then has been of a kind that marks an era, and they have advanced with the march of events.

The progress of political reforms, physical science and popular enlightenment in this generation has been such as to stamp their glory on the age and make it illustrious. Gladstone has been a statesman of real reform. I cannot forget that he is the first British Prime Minister who ever jeopardized his position, his popularity and his party to remedy the wrongs of Ireland. I recognize in him what I think is the earnest and conscientious desire of a great and noble-minded statesman to remove a great evil from a large portion of his people and leave a legacy of happiness to them all. I can recognize, too, the magnitude and the difficulties of the task he has set himself; but he is a man who does not fear heroic remedies. I could not harass such a man, at such a time, in the House or in the country. A constitutional agitation will not harass him; it will help him—has helped him. Let the agitation be carried on with quiet persistency within the bounds of law, of justice and of moderation. There is nothing accomplished by fits and starts, and there is nothing but ruin, accomplished by disorder. This century has seen three great agitations and several great reformations in Ireland; and although it began with the destruction of the Irish Parliament, it may yet end by beholding Ireland in the free possession of her rights and privileges and property,—in the enjoyment of those blessings that go to make a country contented, prosperous and happy,—when the prayers of her children and the dreams of her poets will be realized and the efforts of her patriots rewarded.

“And Erin shall stand 'mid the isles of the sea,

Unburden'd, unfetter'd, great, glorious and free.”

HOW IRISH TENANTS ARE TREATED.

At a recent meeting of the Irish Land League, in Dublin, Treasurer Egan gave the following reports from tenants on the estate of Anthony Ormsby, Ballinamore, near Balla, county Mayo. He stated that he got these particulars, as he considered, well and thoroughly vouched:

Almost the entire of these lands consist of mountain slopes, and were all reclaimed by the tenants, without any aid from the landlord. In addition to the exorbitant rents, the tenants are obliged to pay the entire taxes—not even getting the usual allowances of half poor rates. They were also obliged to discharge “duty work,” or free labor, themselves and all the members of their families, with their horses and donkeys. Tenants must get landlord's consent to their marriage, or the marriage of their children, and if they omit to do so are mercilessly fined. Thirty-five tenants were evicted off Laragan townland, and 17 off the townland of Durphy, after they had reclaimed the land. One tenant on the latter townland, Patrick Walshe had his holding 22 years ago at £3. The rent is now £11 10s, the valuation is £4 10s. The holdings of Michael McLoughlin and Thomas Conlon, on the townland of Conderra, were formerly held together at £4 4s. The rent is now £21 10s. Two tenants on the Ballinamore townland—Mary Dunphy and John Duddy had a dispute. The landlord punished them by raising their rents £6 per year. The following are particulars of holdings on the townland of Laragan:

Name of Tenant.	Valuation.			Rent.		
	£	S	D	£	S	D
J. Walshe and M. Nolan	4	2	0	8	0	0
John McEvelly	2	2	0	6	0	0
John Jennings	2	6	0	4	10	0
Michael Conlon	6	0	0	10	0	0
Thomas Kilroy	6	0	0	9	10	0
John Maloney	6	0	0	9	10	0
John Carney	8	0	0	14	0	0
Patrick McHugh	5	10	0	8	15	0
John McEllin	6	0	0	7	0	0
Patrick Lanigan	5	15	0	8	10	0
William Carney	6	1	0	10	5	0
Thomas Quinn	8	0	0	12	0	0

One of these was fined 10s for one stone on the top of the gable not being whitewashed to landlord's liking; 2s 6d

for stopping at home from duty work to bury his child; 2s 6d for his pig rooting on his own farm.

John Ruane was compelled to change from where he lived, and build a new house on some waste land in order to have it reclaimed. When he had the house built the landlord compelled him to throw it down and build it ten yards further in. When he had reclaimed the land he again compelled him to leave the place and go live on the mountain. The poor man lost his life and died.

Patrick Walshe, a mason, worked at a building for 35 days, but would not get paid for 15 days. When he grumbled at this treatment he was made throw down the wall and build it without payment, and as soon as he had it finished he turned him out without compensation.

Thomas Cavanagh was compelled to throw down his house and build a new one. When he had lived there a few years he was forced to change to a bog where he had to build again. When he had reclaimed the bog he changed him again for the third time, and wanted to change him the fourth time. When the man refused he turned him out without compensation. He had to go to the work-house, where he and his wife died. Each time he was changed it cost him from £40 to £70.

These particulars had been supplied to him from what he believed to be the most reliable sources in the district. Almost the entire of these lands consisted of mountain slob reclaimed without any aid from the landlord. On the property a system of fines existed, of which he would give a few specimens:

John Gormley was changed from his holding in the middle of the winter, and had to build a new house which cost him £10 on a swamp near a spring. The house was so damp that the cattle got sick, and some of them died. The family had to remain up at night all winter to keep fires lit.

Thomas Conlon who lived three miles away, was ordered into work duty work three days in the week. He worked two days and remained away the third. He was fined 5s for not attending.

Patrick Delaney was fined 10s for his cattle straying on a bog road nearly a mile from the main road. He

was fined 5s for the top of his chimney not being whitewashed according to the landlord's liking, and 5s for stopping at home from duty work.

John Carney was fined 5s for repairing his own mearing without the landlord's consent; 10s for taking a stone from an adjoining farm, which was unoccupied and £1 for cutting a few white-thorn bushes.

Michael Conlon was fined 12s for being seven days late in whitewashing his house; 10s for some quicks which were pulled near the main road some distance from his house. Nine years ago he was compelled to go mowing to the landlord and was fined 7s 6d when he did not make a drain in his holding in the same time. He was fined 12s 6d for repairing his own window. He was forced to spend 20 days mowing hay at 10d per day, while he might have earned 8s per day at that time. He was also fined £2 per annum for life for not going to work while his hand was sore. He was also fined £1 for burning scratch grass on his holding.

Thomas Kilroy was fined £1 for burning a small portion of his bog; £1 for his cattle straying on the road; 2s 6d for cutting a whitethorn bush for fuel; 2s 6d for the top of his chimney not being whitewashed.

John Mullowney was fined 5s for his cow having thrown down the brink of a drain.

John McEllison, carpenter, was fined on several occasions various sums of £1 13s, 4s, 10s, 8s, 10s, 2s 6d, etc., all of which were stopped out of his wages.

Mary Duffy and John Duddy were fined between £40 and £60 each within the last 13 years.

John Mullowney, of Laragan, was fined £23 7s 6d since his marriage, £9 of which he was made to work for at 6d per day.

Emas Kelly was fined £1 for cutting turf without the landlord's permission, 5s for the chimney not being properly whitewashed, 5s for a pig straying on the road.

Peter Shearon was forced to change from where he lived and build a house on the mountain side. He had to cut the hill 60 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 15 feet deep. It took him about seven years to do so. He and his family

had to carry the stones from the old house on their backs. Owing to the hard work Peter Shearon took ill and died.

James Kirwin, John Ruane, Mrs. Shearon, Patrick Reaney, Thomas Moran, Patrick Kelly, John Shearon, Thomas Quinn, Thomas Kavanagh, and Thomas Quinn, were all compelled about 20 years ago to change from where they lived to some waste land where they had to build new houses. When they had reclaimed the waste land he turned them out without compensation. Each house cost from £50 to £70.

Patrick Reaney, Thomas Moran, John Shearon, Thomas Quinn, and Widow Neil Shearon were obliged to pay for 390 men employed in making an avenue by and through their holdings, and were evicted the following year.

Patrick Hyland, of Ballantuffy, was obliged to build a new house, which was often visited by the landlord when building. After it was built he did not like the appearance of it from the road. He made him throw it down and rebuild it. He (the landlord) promised him £7 compensation, for windows and doors, but refused to pay it. When the house was finished he made him throw a portion of it down for the second time, and raise it 18 inches. He also compelled him to cut a hill in front of his house.

A little girl named Shearon was fined 5s for looking through a fence on the road side while a travelling show was passing. Mr. Ormsby chanced to see her.

The following tenants were evicted by Mr. Ormsby in order to enlarge his demesne: Thomas Walsh, Martin Quinn, Widow Moran, Widow Shearon,

Kilray, Patrick Shearon, Patrick Kelly, Michael Early, Thomas Begley, Patrick Kelly, Edward McDonnell, Peter McDonnell, John Ruane, Thomas Quinn, John Hearn, Patrick Reaney, Patrick Ruane, Daniel Duddy, Patrick Duddy, Roger Halligan, Patrick Halligan, Edward Ruane, Martin Ruane, Edward Mulligan, and John Connelly.

Phelam Brennan was fined 12s 6d for his cattle being found on the road.

Annie Nolan, a servant, was fined 5s for going to see her mother in her illness. She was also fined 7s 6d because she could not make the cows produce as

much milk as they did in summer. Ormsby measured the milk night and morning for three years. Most of the tenants on the property have been changed from one place to another, as it pleased the landlord.

John Jennings, of Laragan, was fined £3 for getting married without the landlord's sanction, which was proved in open court at the quarter sessions, at Swinford.

ORIGIN OF THE "SUNBURST" ON THE IRISH FLAG.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE, (MARIE).

[AN ancient tradition tells us that the Milesian adventurers, seeking the fair "Western Isle," of which they had long heard, were enveloped, when nearing the Irish coast, in a thick fog, that kept them for some time imprisoned by its impenetrable shadow. Suddenly the bright orb of day shone upon the mist, and cleft a path through it, over which the voyagers securely sailed, though the fog still hung darkly on either side. The figure of the sun, surrounded with rays, was reflected on their banner, and in order to preserve this image of the beneficent Day-god, their leader, on landing, opened a vein in his arm, and thus traced the bright Sunburst in his own blood on the flag whereon it had been so strangely mirrored.]

'Tis a tale of the Brehons—a bard-chanted song,

By echoed tradition borne faintly along—
Yet its tones, as they float through the centuries vast,

Awake a bright dream from the shadowy Past.

The daring Milesian had gathered his band,
And turned his ship's prow from his own sunny land,

Undaunted, to sail o'er the billows' wild crest,

And seek the fair Isle of the mystical West.
And long sped his bark, like a bird, on her way,

Through the clear, starry night, and the sunlit day,

Till the voyagers sung, in their fullness of glee,

"We are riding the waves of the unexplored
 sea,
 And soon shall the Day-god reveal, by his
 smile,
 The emerald shores of that fair Western
 Isle."
 But a dark, shrouding mist from the sky
 floated down,
 And hid their bright path, in the shades of
 its frown—
 And the ship that, so lately, sped gaily her
 flight,
 Staggered slow as a broken-winged bird
 through the night—
 And the daring Milesian forgot his glad
 song,
 And a strange fear abode in the heart of the
 strong,
 And he prayed, "O, bright Phœbus! il-
 lume with *one* smile,
 The hills and the vales of the beautiful Isle."
 Lo! at last, on his banner, a wonderful
 sign!
 'Twas the ray-circled face of the Day-god
 benign—
 There shone, brightly imaged, the radiant
 beams,
 His arrows of glory, that rent, with their
 gleams,
 The chill, brooding shadow, the curtain of
 grey,
 Cleaving wide, through its centre, a safe,
 sunny way—
 O'er that bright path securely the wanderer
 passed,
 (Though the mist on each side raised its bar-
 riers vast,)
 Till he saw his bright Day-god, in majesty
 smile
 On the shores of fair Erin—the beautiful
 Isle.
 Then he traced on his banner, the wonderful
 rays,
 That had given its charms to his rapturous
 gaze,
 And on land and on sea, from his standard so
 bright,
 The Sunburst shed o'er him its magical
 light.
 But beautiful Erin, fair land of his love,
 He knew not how darkly thy valleys above,
 Hung the mist his own hand, in sad ignor-
 ance spread,
 With its chill exhalations, envenomed and
 dead.
 'Twas the dark mist of Error, the deep Pa-
 gan gloom,
 That only the Sunburst of Truth could
 illume—
 And for ages its pall o'er thy loveliness lay,
 Till that bright Orb Divine, with its magical
 ray,
 Cleft through the dark curtain a pathway of
 light,
 For the Heav'n-sent Apostle, the messenger
 bright,
 Who dauntlessly sailed o'er the billows' wild
 c rest,
 Salvation to bring thee, fair Isle of the West!

O, the Sunburst of faith! it hath shone o'er
 thee long,
 Through the mist-veil of sorrow, the dark
 night of wrong,
 It hath shed o'er thy martyrs sweet halos
 of Love,
 And traced their swift path to its bright
 source above,
 And the rays of its glory, forth streaming
 from thee,
 Have reached the dark regions beyond thy
 broad sea,
 And salvation is borne o'er that pathway so
 blest,
 To the North and South, to the East and the
 West.
 And O, the bright blessing its splendor shall
 be,
 To the sad-hearted exile, long banished from
 thee,
 For his rapt glance beholdeth, in Heaven-
 sent dreams,
 His fair native valleys, all bathed in beams,
 Of the Sunburst Divine, that forever shall
 smile
 On the shores of bright Erin, his beautiful
 Isle.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, the respect-
 ed Bishop of Meath, has addressed an
 important and exhaustive letter to the
 clergy and laity of his diocese, on the
 subject of the Land Question. At any
 time any communication on the Land
 Question coming from so eminent a pre-
 late as the Bishop of Meath would be
 received with respect. Both as priest
 and Bishop he has had extraordinary
 experience in this matter. The diocese
 over which he rules has, more than any
 other in Ireland, been made the victim
 of the bad land laws which have ruined
 the agricultural industry of Ireland.
 The great plain of Meath has been dower-
 ed by Heaven with every gift that
 mortals could desire,—a most rich and
 fertile soil, a thrifty and industrious
 people. But its very beauty was its
 curse; its charms were too much for
 the landgrabbers and exterminators;
 and the result is that it has long been
 the theatre of the worst forms of evic-
 tions, rack-rent and every kind of land-
 lord oppression. No man, then, has a
 better right to speak with authority on
 the land question than the Bishop of
 Meath, and we need not add that at the
 present moment, his utterances are all
 the more weighty and important.

In the introduction to his letter the Bishop gives the following sound and valuable advice to the Irish people:—

"The people of Ireland are now keenly alive to the important fact that if they are loyal and true to themselves, and if that they set their faces against every form of violence and crime, that they have the power to compel the landlords to surrender all their just rights in their entirety. If the tenant farmers refuse to pay more than a just rent for their farms, and that no one takes a farm from which a tenant has been evicted for the non-payment of an unjust or exorbitant rent, then our cause is practically gained. The landlords may, no doubt, wreak their vengeance on a *few*, whom they regard as the leaders of the movement; but the patriotism and generosity of their countrymen will compensate them abundantly for their losses, and superabundantly reward them for the essential and important services they have rendered to their country at this critical period of its history."

Again, Dr. Nulty says, alluding to the condition of his own diocese:—

"You know but too well, and perhaps to your cost that there are bad landlords in Meath, and still worse in Westmeath, and perhaps also in the other counties of this diocese. We are unfortunately, too familiar with all the forms of extermination, from the eviction of a parish priest, who was willing and able to pay his rent, to the wholesale clearance of the honest, industrious people of an entire district. But we have, thank God, a few good landlords too. Some of these, like the Earl of Fingal, belongs to our Faith; some, like the late Lord Athlumny, are Protestants; and some among the very best are Tories of the highest type of Conservatism. You have always cherished feelings of the deepest gratitude and affection for every landlord, irrespective of his politics or his creed, who treated you with justice, consideration, and kindness."

We turn now from the introduction to the letter itself. Dr. Nulty opens by examining the plea which is sometimes put forward for the Irish land question—the plea of "antiquity." He answers that its antiquity is nothing to the

antiquity of slavery, which has existed in every country in the world, and at every period of human history. The system of land tenure in Ireland has created a state of human existence which may be briefly characterized as the twin sister of slavery. He then continues:—

"Let any one who wishes to visit the diocese, and see with his own eyes the vast and boundless extent of the fairest land in Europe, that has been ruthlessly depopulated since the commencement of the present century, and which is now abandoned to a loneliness and solitude more pressing than that of the prairie or the wilderness. Thus has this land system actually exercised the power of life and death on the vast scale, of records of slavery."

So much for the disease; now for the remedy. Here the bishop is thoroughly outspoken:—

"Some wise and thoughtful men can see no stronger objections to the abolition of landlordism now than were alleged not so long ago against the abolition of slavery. If the public good demand the summary dismissal of landlordism from an important position of trust, which as a class they have so grievously abused, and, on the other hand, that they have been compensated for the real or fictitious property which, *it is assumed*, they possess in their lands, the justice of such a course could not for a moment be questioned. Yet I am afraid that few prudent, practical, and experienced men could be found who would advocate the policy of a measure of so sweeping and radical a character. Undoubtedly an universal or a general peasant proprietary—not, however, the result of a sudden, hasty and unnatural change, but the gradual and natural growth of years—may probably be found to be the final settlement of the question of the land. Hence the great majority of those who have thought the question out thoroughly regard the measure known as the "three F's," *accompanied with largely increased facilities* and largely increased pecuniary encouragement, for the gradual establishment of a peasant proprietary, as the fullest measure of justice which the nation can *just now* expect from an Act of Parliament. But on whatever line the 'new

departure' may start, it is essential that the eternal and immutable principles of justice which determine the character of property in land shall in no instance be departed from by the people. Ours is a struggle for justice and for right, and we must not furnish our enemies with even a pretext to reproach us with dishonest or unfair dealing."

The bishop then discusses with singular learning and ability the origin of property in land, and the natural laws governing it. The following is the conclusion he draws:—

"The occupier's rights of property in the agricultural products of the land, in the permanent improvements he has made, in the productiveness of the soil, and in the undisturbed occupation of his farm whilst he continues to improve it, are all deeply rooted in the clearest principles of natural justice. They are, moreover, necessary and sufficient to secure the highest permanent and progressive improvement of the soil, and to draw from it the largest and most profitable returns it is capable of yielding. The Legislature, therefore, which is bound to strive in every reasonable way for the advancement of the public good can hardly withhold the sanction and protection from clear natural rights, which are of vital interest, not only to the cultivators themselves, but also to the well-being of the nation at large. The agricultural products of the land of the nation will then be disposed of or distributed among the people of the nation by the cultivators who produced them, on the principle of competitive sale, and everyone will receive a share of the whole at the price that it cost to produce it, and that will be considerably less than it would cost himself to produce it. No one, therefore, has been called on to surrender his share in the common property of the nation, without getting an equivalent in return. No one has surrendered his share in this property; everyone has simply made a most profitable and remunerative investment of it."

The bishop quotes the opinions of a number of eminent men pointing to the belief that there is no such thing as absolute ownership of the land. He says:—

"Mr. Mill, in his great work on Poli-

tical Economy, after having accepted the universally-received definition of property exactly as I have given it says:—

"The essential principle of property being to assure to all persons what they have produced by their labor and accumulated by their abstinence, this principle cannot apply to what is not the produce of labor, the raw material of the earth."

And again—

"When the sacredness of property is talked of, it should always be remembered that any such sacredness does not belong in the same degree to landed property. No man made the land; it is the original inheritance of the whole species."

"In the remainder of this chapter, Mr. Mill lectures the proprietors of land on their obligations and responsibilities to society in the management of it, and consequently he must be addressing himself to owners, who have only the right of usufruct in their lands. Such admonitions, if addressed to men who had an absolute right of private property in land, would be simply an impertinence, as they would not be obliged to account to him or to anyone else for 'what they did with their own.' A little further on Mr. Mill adds—

"Those who think that the soil of a country exists for the sake of a few thousand landowners, and that, as long as rents are paid, society and government have fulfilled their functions, may see in this consummation a happy end to Irish difficulties. But this is not a time, nor is the human mind in a condition in which such solvent pretensions can be maintained. **THE LAND OF IRELAND, THE LAND OF EVERY COUNTRY, BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE OF THAT COUNTRY.**"

"Mr. McDonnell, in his excellent work on the land question of England and Scotland, says that it became a trite and popular phrase to say 'that the land was the property of the people.'

"Mr. Arthur Arnold the sitting M.P. for the borough of Salford in his work on Free Land, published quite recently (1880), thus writes:—"The land belongs to the nation, to the State, to the people. It is not possible to sever the interests of a beggar crouching at the gates of a park from that land. Infinitesimal they may be, but their existence cannot be denied."

Bishop Nulty thus describes the result of the Irish land tenure:—

"The present system of land tenure not merely enables a class to exact from the people of the country a famine price for the use of the land which God made, but it also enables them to charge a rent for the use of the improvements on the land which the people themselves made, which is purely the result of their own industry and capital, and which in fact is, on the strictest principles of justice, their own private property. With the knowledge and experience which we have acquired all our lives long of the transactions that are daily taking place between landlords and tenants, the clearest and the most convincing proof that can be given of this fact will perhaps be found in the plain and simple statement of it."

"What," asks the Bishop, "has happened that enormous mass of treasure, the capital and labor spent by the Irish tenants in improving their holdings." And he answers thus—

"The question then arises, what has become of this enormous property? The correct answer to the question will, I think, be found to be, that one part of it has been wantonly wasted and destroyed; that the landlords have coolly appropriated to their own use a second part of it, and that the people pay at the present moment, a rent for the use of the residue of what was once all their own property. In the one county of Meath, in this diocese, there are about 369,000 acres of land laid down in grass seeds or pasture. That vast territory was nearly all parcelled out about the commencement of this century in farms of various sizes, ranging from ten to seventy, eighty or a hundred acres each. These farms were dotted over with clean, commodious, comfortable white-washed dwellings, with offices, out-houses, and the plant of well-to-do farmers. These dwellings were occupied by a race of the most laborious, hardworking and virtuous people that ever lived in any country. But owing to the iniquitous system of land tenure, they have been almost all mercilessly evicted and swept away, and every vestige of the vast amount of human life, industry, contentment, and happiness that once flourished on these lands has been so carefully obliterated, that, looking at them in their present mel-

ancholy solitude, one would imagine them to have been 'prairie lands' since the creation. The property which those poor people possessed in their dwellings and farmhouses has been thus wantonly destroyed, and the permanent improvements they have created in the productiveness of the soil were coolly appropriated by the landlords who evicted them. Until the Irish Land League interfered with their operations, those exterminators sold out by public auction every year the people's property, as well as the natural productiveness of the soil, to cattle dealers, for a term of nine, ten or eleven months, and at a rent running from £4 to £6 an acre; and they drew from their estates an income twice, and in many cases three times as large as the few honest and honorable proprietors in their neighborhood who never evicted anyone at all. I need hardly direct attention to the notorious fact that those who have been suffered to remain were only too glad to be allowed the privilege to pay a rent for the use of the residue of what was once their own property."

The Bishop thus sums up the effect on the people of such a state of things:—

"Under such a state of things one may well ask, is it in human nature that anyone could have the heart or the enterprise to expend his labor and capital on the permanent improvement of the soil exclusively for the benefit of others, and with a certainty that he will be charged an increased rent for the use of his own property? How can any Government allow the land of a nation to remain in the hands of a class of men who will not improve it themselves, or allow others to improve it either? How can any just government suffer any longer a system of land tenure which inflicts irreparable ruin on the general industry and prosperity of a nation, and which is maintained solely for the purpose of giving the landlords an opportunity of plundering the class of industrious, improving tenants which it is specially bound to protect and defend? Such open violations of the fundamental principles of justice and of public morality would make one who has thoroughly thought the case out, ask himself whether he was really in the region of

hard, stern facts and realities, or only in the ideal of fancy or of fiction. The essential and immutable principles of justice used certainly to be—that every one had a right of property in the hard-earned fruits of his labor; that whatever property a man had made by the expenditure of his capital, his industry, and his toil, was really his own; that he and he alone had a right to all the benefits, the advantages and enjoyments that that prosperity yielded; and that if any one else meddled with that property against his will, or interfered with him in its enjoyment he was thereby guilty of the crimes of theft and of robbery, which the eternal law of God, as well as the laws of all nations, reprobated and punished with such severity. But the principles which underlie the existing system of land tenure, and which impart to it its specific and distinctive character, are exactly the reverse of those. The principles on which the system is based are—that one privileged class do not require to labor for their livelihood at all; that they have an exclusive right to all the advantages, the comforts, and enjoyments that can be derived from a splendid property, which exacted no patient, painful, or self-denying efforts of labor to create it or to acquire it, and which, in fact, they inherited without any sacrifice at all. That being a singularly, favored race, and being all God's eldest sons, the rest of the world must humbly acknowledge themselves to be their inferiors in rank, lineage, condition and dignity. That this superiority of rank gives them a right to sell out God's gifts as if they were purely the products of their own labor and industry, and that they can exact in exchange for them famine or scarcity prices. Finally, that they enjoy the enviable privileges of appropriating the hard-earned property of others against their wills, and do them no wrong even if they charge them a rent for the use of what would really appear to be their own."

In the concluding paragraphs of his able letter Bishop Nulty discusses the evil effects of a bad land system on the general population with a closeness of reasoning which makes a summary impossible. We regret that want of space prevents our giving the brilliant disqui-

sition in full. He thus counsels the working classes :—

"British operatives and capitalists, of all men living, appear to me to have the largest and the deepest interest in a thorough and radical reformation in the system of land tenure in our country as well as in their own. 'Trades Unions,' therefore, instead of wasting their energies and resources in a fruitless struggle with capitalists, would do well to turn their attention in this direction. They have a wide field here for their efforts, and their labors here cannot be fruitless. The rallying cry of capitalists and laborers ought then to be—'Back to the Land!'"

The letter is in every way worthy of the reputation of the Bishop of Meath for patriotism, learning and ability; and, at the present stage of the land agitation, it is a most important and valuable document.

MIXTURE IN MARRIAGE.

HOWARD PAUL from London to Paris (*American Register* :) "There has been a tremendous run on bigamy recently. One ardent votary of the married state was found to have wedded seven wives, and they were all alive and healthy. But the following is perhaps one of the most involved problems in bigamy that ever sought to unmix itself in a Court of Justice. It came before the Plymouth Magistrate that week; and all I have done to the newspaper report of the case has been to throw it into tabular form, as affording my readers the readiest means of spotting the original sinner in this curious game of matrimonial puss-in-the-corner. Now follow this :

WILLIAM COX

was charged with intermarrying	Rosina Knight,
his first wife,	Caroline Drake,
being alive. It was proved that . . .	William Cox
had married	Caroline Drake,
but, as she was the wife of . . .	George Merrifield,
he left her, and married . . .	Rosina Knight.
On learning this	Caroline Drake
(whose husband,	George Merrifield,
had since been married to . . .	another woman)
instituted proceedings against . . .	William Cox.
But it was proved that before . . .	George Merrifield,
married	Caroline Drake
he had	another wife
living. His marriage with . . .	Caroline Drake,
was therefore illegal,	William Cox
felt himself at liberty to marry . . .	Caroline Drake.
But it was also proved that . . .	William Drake
had a husband when marrying . . .	William Cox.
His marriage with	Caroline Drake
was therefore illegal, and	Rosina Knight
became the lawful wife of	William Cox.
The Bench accordingly ordered . . .	George Merrifield
and	Caroline Drake
to be prosecuted, and discharged	William Cox.

ARCHBISHOP TACHÉ.

It was in 1739 that Jean Taché, the founder of one of the most remarkable families of Canada arrived at Québec. Important trusts were confided to him and with him began the series of eminent services rendered to the country by his descendants in their different spheres until the present day. He married Delle. Marguerite Joliette, granddaughter of the celebrated discoverer of the Mississippi and had three sons, one of them was the father of Sir Etienne Pascal Taché, who died Premier of Canada. Another of his grandsons, Charles Taché, a brother of the distinguished statesman above mentioned, after having served as Captain of the "Voltigeurs Canadiens" during the war with the United States, took up his residence in Kamouraska, and married Delle. Henriette Boucher de la Broquerie. Three sons were born of this marriage. The youngest, Alexandre Taché, is the subject of this sketch. He was born at Rivière du Loup (en bas) on the 23rd July, 1823. He lost his father before he was quite three years old. From his earliest childhood his bright intellect and amiable disposition endeared him to all, but the most charming trait of his character was his tender love of his mother. He was educated in the college of St. Hyacinthe, and entered the novitiate of the Oblate order at Longueuil in 1844. About the same time Monseigneur Provencher was soliciting the services of the Oblate Fathers for his vast diocese. A touching circumstance led to the selection of the novice Taché, not yet ordained priest, to accompany the first of the Fathers to Red River. He heard that his mother was dangerously ill, and that nothing short of a miracle could save her life. With loving confidence the affectionate son implored of God to work the miracle, and promised that should his mother be restored to health, he would solicit the permission of his Superior to devote his whole life to the Indian Mission of the North-West. The petition was granted. Madame Taché lived for twenty-six years after.

On the national feast of French Canadians, the 24th June, 1845, the young levite then but 21 years of age embarked with Rev. F. Aubert, in a birch bark

canoe for the scene of his labors. The following extract from "Vingt années De Missions," portrays the feelings experienced by the youthful missionary quitting as he then thought for ever all he held dearest on earth: "You may allow me to tell you what I felt as I receded from the sources of the St. Lawrence, on whose banks I was born and by whose waters I first conceived the thought of becoming a missionary of the Red River. I drank of those waters for the last time, mingled with them some parting tears, and confided to them some of the secret thoughts and affectionate sentiments of my inmost heart. I could imagine how some of the bright waves rolling down from lake to lake, would at last strike the beach, nigh to which a beloved mother was praying for her son, that he might become a perfect Oblate and a holy missionary, I know that being intensely preoccupied with that son's happiness, she would listen to the faintest murmuring sound, to the very beatings of the waves coming from the North West so as to discover in them the echoes of her son's voice asking a prayer or promising a remembrance. I give expression to what I felt on that occasion, for the recollection now, after a lapse of twenty years of the emotions I experienced in quitting home and friends enables me more fully to appreciate the generous devotedness of those who give up all they hold most dear in the human affections for the salvation of souls." The missionaries arrived at St. Boniface on the 25th August, and met a cordial welcome from Bishop Provencher, who, nevertheless was somewhat surprised at the youthful appearance of Brother Taché. "I have asked," he said, half-playfully, "for a missionary, and they have sent me a mere boy." This "mere boy," in five years was to become his coadjutor, then his successor, and owing to his merits and the success of his labors, St. Boniface was to be raised to an Archbishopric. The young levite having reached the required age of 22 years, was made a Deacon on the 1st September 1845, and on the following 12 October he was ordained to the Priesthood. The next day he pronounced his Religious Vows, the first ever pronounced in that land. They were made



ARCHBISHOP TACHÉ.

on the banks of the Red River, by the great great nephew of Varennes de la Verandrye by whom that river and the surrounding country had been discovered. Father Taché was appointed shortly after to accompany Rev. M^r. Lafleche, now Bishop of Three Rivers to the distant missions of Isle à la Crosse. It is easily imagined with what ardor Father Tache exercised his zeal, but it is difficult to form a just idea of the sufferings and hardships he had to endure, all of which he counted as naught, they being rewarded by an ample harvest of souls. His election to the episcopate at the age of 26 years is sufficient proof of the ap-

preciation of his merits. Notwithstanding the most earnest pleadings to be spared such an immense responsibility, Father Taché was consecrated bishop in the Cathedral of Viviers at the hands of Mgr. de Mazenod then Bishop of Marseilles, on the 23rd November 1851. Bishop Taché after a visit to Rome, started to Canada where he spent but a few days and arrived at St. Boniface in June 1852, he longed to be once more with his dear Indians who had so reluctantly consented to his departure even for a while. Bishop Provencher feeling that his end was near had thought of retaining his coadjutor by his

side but the reason given by the missionary Bishop to leave without delay prevailed. The following prophetic words were pronounced by Monseigneur Provencher granting the blessing his coadjutor knelt to receive when leaving: "It is not customary for a bishop to ask another bishop's blessing but as I am soon to die, and as we shall never again meet in this world, I will bless you once more on this earth, whilst awaiting the happiness of embracing you in heaven." The joy of the poor Indians was great on seeing their beloved Father. The exalted dignity to which the latter had been raised, while necessarily bringing still more abundant fruits and success to his labors, changed nothing in his life of self-sacrifice. The first episcopal residence at Isle à la Crosse, as described and an idea of what is endured especially during winter travels is conveyed in the following playful but truthful quotation*: "My *episcopal* palace is twenty feet in length, twenty in width and seven in height. It is built of logs cemented with mud, which, however, is not impermeable, for the wind and the rain and other atmospheric annoyances find easy access through its walls. Two windows of six small panes of glass lighten the principal apartment, and two pieces of parchment complete the rest of the luminary system. In this palace, though at first glance every thing looks mean and diminutive, a character of real grandeur nevertheless pervades the whole establishment. For instance, my secretary is no less a personage than a bishop, my *valet de chambre* is also a bishop—my cook himself is sometimes a bishop. The illustrious employes have countless defects, but their attachment to my person endears them to me, and I cannot help looking on them with a feeling of satisfaction. When they grow tired of their domestic employments, I put them all on the road and going with them I strive to make them cheery. The entire household of his Lordship is *en route* with two Indians and a half-breed who conducts a team of four dogs. The team is laden with cooking utensils, bedding and a wardrobe, a portable altar and its fittings, a food basket and other odds and ends. His Lordship puts on a pair of snowshoes which are from three to four feet

in length, real episcopal pantouffles perfectly adapted to the fine tissue of the white carpet on which he has to walk, and moving with more or less rapidity according to the muscular strength of the traveller. Towards evening, this strength equals zero; the march is suspended and the episcopal party ordered to halt. An hour's labor suffices to prepare a mansion wherein his lordship will repose till the next morning. The bright snow is carefully removed, branches of trees are spread over the cleared ground, these form the ornamental floorings of the new palace, the sky is its lofty roof, the moon and stars are its brilliant lamps, the dark pine forests or the boundless horizon its sumptuous wainscoting. The four dogs of the team are its sentinels, the wolves and the owls preside over the musical orchestra, hunger and cold give zest to the joy experienced at the sight of the preparations which are being made for the evening banquet and the night's repose. The chilled and stiffened limbs bless the merciful warmth of the kindled pile to which the giants of the forest have supplied abundant fuel. Having taken possession of their mansion, the proprietors partake of a common repast, the dogs are the first served, then comes his lordship's turn, his table is his knees, the table service consists of a pocket knife, a bowl, a tin plate and a five pronged fork which is an old family heirloom. The '*Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino*' is pronounced. Nature is too grave and beautiful in the midst of all its trying rigors, for us to forget its author, therefore during the encampments our hearts become filled with thoughts that are solemn and touching and overpowering. We feel it then to be our duty to communicate such thoughts to the companions of our journey, and to invite them to love *Him* by whom all those wonderful things we behold around us, were made, and to give thanks to *Him* from whom all blessings flow. Having rendered our homage to God, Monseigneur valet de chambre, removes from his lordship's shoulders the overcoat which he has worn during the day, and extending it on the ground, calls it a mattress; his cap, his mittens and travelling bag pass in the darkness of night for a pillow;

two wollen blankets undertake the task of protecting the bishop from the cold of the night, and of preserving the warmth necessary for his repose, lest they should fail in such offices, Providence comes to their aid by sending a kindly little layer of snow, which spreads a protecting mantle without distinction over all alike. Beneath its white folds, sleep tranquilly the prelate and his suite, repairing in their calm slumbers the fatigues of the previous day, and gathering strength for the journey of the morrow; never dreaming of the surprise that some spoiled child of civilization would experience if lifting this snow mantle, he found lying beneath it, bishop, Indians and the four dogs of the team, etc., etc."

The death of Bishop Provencher which occurred on the 7th June, 1853 placed Bishop Taché at the head of an immense diocese. Religion spread so rapidly that the same territory now embraces an Archdiocese, a diocese and a Vicariate Apostolic. Bishop Taché was appointed Archbishop of the new ecclesiastical Province of St. Boniface in 1871.

Repeated calamities have tested the energy and ability of Bishop Taché. In 1860 the episcopal residence and the cathedral of St. Boniface were reduced to ashes, and a flood desolated the country. The Bishop of St. Boniface then wrote to the Bishop of Montreal. "You may judge My Lord, of my emotion, when on the 23rd of February after a journey of fifty-four days in the depth of winter after sleeping forty-four nights in the open air, I arrived at St. Boniface and knelt in the midst of the ruins caused by the disaster of the 14th December. But the destruction of the episcopal establishment was not the only trial which it pleased God that year to send us. A frightful inundation invaded our colony and plunged its population into profound misery. What should the Bishop of St. Boniface do in presence of these ruins and under the weight of so heavy a load of affliction, but bow down his head in christian and loving submission to the Divine will, while blessing the hand that smote him and adoring the merciful God who chastised him." Bishop Taché went to Canada and to France to collect funds to repair the

losses sustained, his efforts were crowned with success. Famine prevailed in Red River in 1868, and many still in that country remember what the Bishop did to alleviate the wants of a suffering people. The Red River troubles which broke out in 1869 became as is well known, a source of unfair, and unjust accusations against Bishop Taché. They have long since been successfully refuted, and it was refreshing to the numerous friends of Bishop Taché to hear the following testimony fall from the lips of Lord Dufferin, during his visit to Manitoba. In reply to an address presented by Archbishop Taché and his clergy, his Excellency said: ". . . Your Grace, I am sure is well aware how thoroughly I understand and appreciate the degree to which the Catholic Priesthood of Canada have contributed to the progress of civilization from the earliest days till the present moment through the length and breadth of Her Majesty's Dominion, and perhaps there is no region where their efforts in that direction are more evident and more strikingly expressed upon the face of the country than here in Manitoba. On many a previous occasion it has been my pleasing duty, to bear witness to the unvarying loyalty and devotion to the cause of good Government and order, of yourself and your brethern, and the kindly feeling and patriotic harmony, which I find prevailing in this Province, bears unmistakable witness to the spirit of charity and sympathy towards all classes of your fellow citizens, by which your Grace and your clergy are animated."

The words of a distinguished American writer, Mr. Thomas Dowse, will serve to close this very imperfect sketch: "Of Bishop Taché, the Archbishop of St. Boniface, much, very much might be said. His travels, labors and ministry have been extensive and acceptable, still a few words of the Psalmist will better express him as he is, than any words of mine. 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way. Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace.' And so it seems to be with him in the graceful air of the (St. Boniface) mission, which with his kindly, genial way, seems to make

the above quoted words particularly appropriate and to cause one to sincerely wish that 'his days may be long in the land which the Lord his God hath given him.'

THE LAND QUESTION IN SCOTLAND.

A GLASGOW correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle* writes:—

Here in a city where every American is followed by a paid spy from Dublin Castle, if not by a member of the local detective force, it is more than astonishing to think how the sentiments of the people have changed. In days long gone by, your correspondent was in the habit of hearing the proud, enthusiastic Scot expatiate in glowing terms about the land of deep mountain gorges, heather bells, shaggy furze, Highland longhs and snow-capped mountains. Now, all of these fine, poetic sentiments seem to have been forgotten, or are, at least slumbering under the white mantle that covers Scotland from the Frith of Clyde to the Orkney Islands. Indeed, to be plain about the matter, the common people seem to think that the Highland chief is no more a demigod dressed up in a motley kilt, a tartan plaid, an eagle plumed bonnet, armed with a claymore and targe, and swearing deep oaths, "By Saint Columhn-Angus," in his broadest of Gaelic.

The natives of Scotland, both Highland and Lowland, are beginning to harp upon the "Macallam More," as the dapper little gentleman who claims to be called the Duke of Argyll, and who speaks with a sweet London accent (that would make a fortune for a Dundreary), dresses as a Regent-street swell and spends all his time abroad and, furthermore, claims to hold and to have and to transmit to his posterity, even to the crack of doom, 175,114 acres, part of which extends over two cities, and returns to him in the shape of rent \$500,000 per annum.

The masses of the people, looking further in the same direction, see in the chief of Clan Athol such another specimen of nobility. One who only kings it over 194,640 acres, taking in one city with a rental coming from the

pockets of the people, of about \$430,000. In the slim shanked chieftain of Breadalbaine, Scotland finds a claimant to 372,729 acres, extending over the greater part of two cities, footing up in rent roll \$400,000 per year. Then comes Mr. Hamilton Douglass, whose ancestor, in 1643, was created Duke of Hamilton for betraying the interests of Scotland to the English crown. This interesting personage has only 157,385 acres, covering five cities, giving him an income of something more than \$1,000,000 as often as rent day comes around. The spirit of discontent is by no means confined to the west and north of Scotland, for in fact we find the yeomanry of Midlothian beginning to ask, "by what right should 100,000 citizens of Edinburgh be kept cooped up in dark, dismal abodes, when the Duke of Buccleugh, a descendant of a border cattle thief, should call himself master of 450,260 acres, spreading over 12 cities, yielding him annually \$1,500,000. Then comes the Earl of Cauder with 101,657 acres; Donald Cameron, high chief of the Cameronians, with 121,574 acres; Sir G. M. Grant with 125,482 acres. Then a noble lady comes to the front called the Countess of Home. This noble dame, in her singleness of life, has only 103,932 acres, extending over six cities and yielding in the shape of pin money \$375,000. Following up this distinguished list of the useful subjects of the queen, we next come to the name of Lord Macdonald, chief of the isles. My Lord, as a matter of course, spurns the language, manners and habits of the Highlands, spends his income between London and the continent, while the clansmen, who should find in him a patron and protector, spend their miserable lives as fishermen, or in cultivating such patches of land as the great chief may not require for deer parks and grazing grounds. Then heads up the McIntosh claim, 124,181 acres, Sir Knight Mackenzie 164,680 and the Duke of Montrose, with an undisputed title to 103,760 acres. But not to tire the readers with figures on land stealing, it may be as well to add but two more gems to the above named cluster. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Her grace in her own right claims 149,879 acres, while his grace, who did

not head the Sutherland Highlanders (Ninety-second Regiment) against the Boers in the Transvaal, had to content himself with spreading broadcast the fact that he is lord and master of 1,208,546 acres, yielding a rental which, if properly used, would make thousands of homes happy.

The foregoing names are but a few taken from among that class of beings who claim to give over a people's heritage to the red deer, grouse, partridge and bittern. Still, it is pleasant to observe that the people are beginning to think that a system placing the soil of a whole country into the absolute control of a few absentees must ere long be changed for some such plan as will restore to them their primitive rights in the public domain. The extension of the franchise in Scotland will, sooner or later, work out the extinction of land monopoly, especially among a class whose only claim to the soil is in the fact that their forefathers got grants of the same from some royal robber, or for deeds of blood or spoliation performed by Highland Kerns or Lowland troopers.

A CHANGE OF OPINION.—Ten years ago a politician who was then known as plain Mr. Robert Lowe declared in the House of Commons that "there is no doubt that hard conduct by the landlords and evictions have popularized murder in Ireland and have made people look upon a murderer as not entirely in the wrong." Mr. Robert Lowe has disappeared from the stage of politics, and is now known as Lord Sherbrooke, with evidently new ideas and principles as to how the unfortunate Irish land tenants should be treated. He now deprecates the contemplated changes in Irish land tenure, and denounces any limitation of the landlord's power as mere robbery. Yet evictions in Ireland are as numerous, if not more so, in 1881 as they were in 1870. Elevation to the Upper House has evidently made Mr. Robert Lowe altogether oblivious of the past.—*The Universe*.

Education is the proper employment not only of our early years, but of our whole lives.

INDIAN LYRICS.

X.

THE SETTING SUN.

Sink slowly mid those mellow dyes,
The tints of amber, blue and gold
That softly blend in western skies
As evening shades unfold.
When thy pavilion's flags are furled,
Repose broods o'er the silent world.

Tell, Wanderer, what thou hast seen
In distant lands beyond the sea,
Hills rich in mines and vales of green
And haunts of revelry;
With pride and pomp in city walls
And luxury in lordly halls.

Have they not all the heart can wish
In fertile fields and woods of game,
And lakes and seas that teem with fish
From whence the pale face came?
Yet though the earth is good and wide
He grasps it all unsatisfied.

His blood with water mixed is thin,
Which there thy beams will ne'er absorb,
While richly flows that of Red skin
Beneath thy glowing orb;
So dark the Yazoo* has become
The Evil Spirit sees but some.

Of those wild woods and hills, O! Sun
Canst thou no ancient tale disclose,
O'er which thy circling race has run
For many thousand snows;
Old, famous tribes here once at home
That faded like the river foam.

Of Sachem† brave and Sagamore‡
Still many an old tradition speaks,
And mighty deeds in times of yore,
Of Incas and Caciques;
And mounds and ruins now unknown
With trees for ages overgrown.

Great source of heat and life and light,
That as the Sabine, seeks the main,
Unlike thee—sinking out of sight
Our race can't rise again,
They worshipped once the Day-God—yet
Their glory is for ever set.

In crimsoned purple clouds, red Sun!
Descend unto thy gorgeous rest,
In eastern climes thy tour begun,
Sleep in the dreamy west;
When curtains of thy tents are drawn,
To-morrow we'll salute the dawn.*.*

MONTREAL.

* YAZOO—An ancient tribe on the Sabine river which flows into the Gulf of Mexico, between Texas and Louisiana. No doubt they have been "improved off the face of the earth"—as the name no longer appears, except on an old map.

† SACHEM—An ordinary chief.

‡ SAGAMORE—A head chief.

. This is one of the superstitious practices of the Pagan Indians of the South who worshipped the sun.

A FAMOUS IRISHMAN.

EDWARD BARRY O'MEARA was an Irish physician, on whom a connection with the first Emperor Napoleon has conferred the splendor of renown. O'Meara was born in 1778, in what is now termed Kingstown, but was then Dunleary—a village about six miles from Dublin. At an early age he devoted himself to the study of surgery and medicine, and obtained on board the "Bellerophon" an appointment as first surgeon of that man-of-war. When the ex-Emperor in 1815—amid the watching gaze of astonished crowds—stepped on board this celebrated vessel, O'Meara conceived an ardent attachment for the illustrious prisoner. He regarded *le sublime infortune* with the deepest sympathy, and rendered him every service in his power; and, as a natural consequence, the Emperor conceived a warm friendship for O'Meara. Napoleon, at his first interview, asked O'Meara where he was born, and where he studied medicine. "I studied medicine in London and surgery in Dublin," said O'Meara. "Which do you conceive the better school?" asked Napoleon. "Surgery is better taught in Dublin, but London is the best school of medicine." "Oh! you say Dublin is best because you are an Irishman," said the Emperor. "No, your Majesty," said O'Meara. "I say it because it is true." He then went on to explain that subjects were chiefly procured in Dublin, but in London dead bodies were much dearer. Therefore, surgery was taught in a more practical manner in Dublin. The scalpel was more diligently used and oftener seen in the student's hand.

When the eagle—to use the sublime imagery of Chateaubriand—which had so often soared amid the lightnings of artillery on the sulphury siroc of battle, folded his torn pinions, and alighted sorrowfully on the barren crags of St. Helena, Barry O'Meara accompanied him. In his dismal abode the Emperor loved to open his mind to the affectionate Irishman; and there was scarcely an event of his life which he did not converse about—"the battles, sieges, fortunes" of his wonderful and eventful career. The doctor took accurate notes of all that fell from the Emperor's lips, and in this way the materials of several

publications, which he subsequently brought out in Europe, were accumulated by the doctor. This was in perfect accordance with the Emperor's desire, for O'Meara was the most honorable of men, and would not publish a line without Napoleon's permission.

O'Meara spent many happy hours in the society of his illustrious patient, who often expressed his regret that he had not paid more attention to Ireland. He intended, he said, if he had succeeded in his designs on England, to make Ireland an independent republic. All went well with O'Meara while Admiral Cockburn was in command at St. Helena. But when that gentleman was removed, and Sir Hudson Lowe took his place, the aspect of affairs underwent a melancholy alteration. The new governor was base enough to expect that the doctor should play the spy, and secretly whisper to him every thing Napoleon said and did. O'Meara was indignant at the proposal, and refused, in the most emphatic manner, to fill such a discreditable office. Sir Hudson Lowe was furious, and vowed revenge.

During the succeeding three years O'Meara's life was one long agony, owing to the crafty malignity of the fiendish Scotchman, who had a heart of iron seated in a breast of granite. He accused O'Meara of conveying letters to and from Napoleon, of breaking the rules and regulations which he established for the safe keeping of the prisoner, and of entering into a complot to facilitate his escape.

In consequence of his incessant complaints and mendacious representations, Napoleon was deprived of his favorite physician, and Barry O'Meara was obliged to quit the Island in 1818, and return to Europe, where he was deprived of his rank. The work, which he entitled, "A Voice from St. Helena," published in 1822, went through forty editions. Its popularity was unbounded, and it certainly is one of the most readable books in English literature. After serving England twenty years he was deprived of official employment, and treated with the basest ingratitude. In his latter life he became a devoted admirer of O'Connell; and is said to have contracted at one of his meetings the illness of which he died, June 3, 1836.

IRISH IMMIGRATION.

IRISH emigration is again attaining serious proportions. During 1880 no less than 65,857 persons left the country, or 17.6 per thousand of the population. The following were the proportions per thousand contributed by each of the provinces :

Connaught,	24 2	Ulster,	15 3
Munster,	40 7	Leinster,	33 9

To show how tremendous is the depletion, we may state that since 1851 there have emigrated altogether from Ireland 2,637,187 persons, a proportion of 45.5 per cent. of, or nearly one half, the population returned for 1861. Nothing like this has ever been seen elsewhere, not even, when Alsace seemed to move away from German domination. The provinces suffered unequally from the drain, as the returns show, having sent away their people respectively as follows :

Munster,	60 6	Connaught,	36 8
Ulster,	40 7	Leinster,	33 9

We would consider emigration on such a scale, no matter how arranged, a colossal catastrophe; but under present and customary circumstances it is a ruinous insanity. If there is any part of the country where the conditions of life are exceptionally hard, and the population too dense for the resources—Connemara for example—we would favor either migration, but in families, not by individuals. Migration seems far off, if ever feasible, while emigration is not only easy, but suits the aspiration of many. What we lament and condemn is the flight in myriads of the young and strong, the healthy, the productive, who, having cost the nation much to rear them to adult growth, voluntarily convey their profitable energies everywhere. It is not families who go away, but the flower of the youth. Do not these figures say so ?

Between 15 and 35—75.7 per cent.

Under the age of 15—14.2 “ “

Over the age of 34—10.0 “ “

The decay of Spain arose from the exodus of her bone and sinew to the New World. Seven millions of hardy Spaniards sailed across the seas in search of adventure and fortune, leaving a lesser Spain behind.

REMINISCENCES OF CONVENT LIFE.

As Time remorseless in its flight—
Steals months and years away,
Our hearts would gladly check its course
Our lips fain cry out, “*Stay,*
Ah ! linger yet, ye happy days,
Why do ye go so fast ?”
And each succeeding hour seems sweeter,
Shorter than the last.

But still they go with rapid wing,
God grant that years to come
May prove as bright as those I lived
Within my Convent home—
’Tis passing sweet to live anew
Those merry school-girl days
And faithful to her trust each scene,
Kind mem’ry still portrays.

The “Study Hall” where oft we pored
O’er History’s tangled page
Where Logic, Fractions, Geography,
Oft put us in a rage—
And then down stairs, our dear “Grande
Salle,”

What mem’ries cluster there !
“Fond friends who sported with me then
Where are you now ? Ah where !!!”

The “Dormitory” where free from care
Unheeding woes to come
The school-girl slept in blissful dreams
Of cherished ones at home—
And last, the haunt of sorrowing souls
The “Chapel” still and bright—
Where heart to heart with God we prayed
For Guidance, Help and Light.

How oft at eve I used to steal
From scenes of girlish play,
And dream at Mary’s peaceful shrine
The happy hours away,
Oh ! bless ye thoughts of bygone days
Amidst this worldly strife
It calms the heart, it soothes the soul
To think of Convent Life.

MARIE.

DANIEL O’CONNELL ON
COERCION.

THE following, from a speech of Daniel O’Connell in the House of Commons protesting against a proposed Coercion Bill shows what he thought, and how he spoke about such infamous measures.

“I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House. I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong—toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. . . . I call upon this

House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious Bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberties of the press, and every other institution dear to Englishmen.

"Against the Bill I protest in the name of the Irish people and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertion that grievances are not to be complained of—that our redress is not to be agitated; for in such eases remonstrances cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

"The clause which does away with trial by jury—what, in the name of heaven, is it if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble.

"If ever doubted before of the success of our agitation . . . this Bill, this infamous Bill—the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted—all these things dissipate my doubts and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys and heard from her lofty hills? Oh, they will be heard there—yes, and they will not be forgotten.

"I have done my duty, I stand acquitted to my conscience and to my country. I have opposed this measure throughout, and now I protest against its harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust, as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime; as tyrannous—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous.

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE HORSE AND THE FOAL.

AND old horse—a widower—and having only one son, pastured in a meadow by a running stream, where the water, the clover and the shade, afforded a choice union of advantages. When not gam-boling our foal nibbled the rich clover when not nibbling he gamboled. Lazy and fat our young solitary began to get tire of life; he was weary for want of something to trouble him. In disgust he sought his father. "Father," said he, "for a long time I have not felt well; this clover is sour, and is killing me; the water is bad; the air affects my lungs. Let us go or I shall die." "Son," said the father, "if it is a matter of life or death, we must set out." They left their fatherland. The younger traveller bounded away with joy; the older one proceeded with a less elastic step. But he guided the rejoicing foal. Through rocky mountains, dry and herbless, they took their way. Night came on. Still no pasturage, no water, no shade. Next day by strength of tooth, they eat a few parched reeds. No more our foal galloped, after two days he could scarcely walk. Thinking the lesson well learned, papa began to return home by an unknown route. By the middle of the night they had regained fatherland. As soon as the foal scented the rich clover, he ran forward exclaiming Oh! what a feast is here! how tender is this grass! Father we need not go any further to look for better, let us stay here. We could not have recognized the very meadow, he had so lately quitted in disgust. He hung down his head in shame. "Son," said the horse, "take this as a rule."

He who enjoys too much is already disgusted. A thorn is necessary to every rose."

THE TWO ASSES.

Two asses, each carrying two paniers, travelled leasurly to market. To entertain themselves on the journey they entered into conversation, like good and sensible asses that they were. Master Aliboron said to his comrade Grison: "Brother, do you not find men

great fools and very unjust? they defame our name, and despise every ass as ignorant, foolish and stupid. They are very sensible, truly, to think themselves above us. Stupid things! their best orators are only miserable bawlers in comparison to your voice and rhetoric. You hear me Master Grison?" "I hear you well" answered Grison, pricking his long ears; "and can do you the same justice, and pay you the same compliment. It is you who have a rich and melodious voice; the warbling of the nightingale is nothing in comparison: you surpass Grissi. Thus the two asses praised each other and complimented themselves on the excellence and superiority of their talents.

They are not the only asses in the world.

THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

THE eagle and the owl after having long been at war, at length made peace. The preliminary articles were signed by their ambassadors. The most essential article was—that the eagle should never again eat the owls young ones. "You know them?" said the owl. "No" said the eagle. "So much the worse;" "Describe them to me or shew me them, and on the word of an honest eagle, I will never touch them," "My young ones," said the owl, "are tall handsome and well made;" They are just like me—I have a soft and melodious voice; you will know them easily by these marks." "Very well," said the eagle, "I will not forget." It happened on the following day that the eagle found on the ledge of a rock, a lot of little ill looking fat monsters with mournful faces and swollen cheeks. "These," said the eagle, "do not belong to our friend; they are too ugly; we will gobble them up;" and forthwith he made a good meal. The eagle was right. The owl had given a too flattering description of her little ones.

Maternal vanity caused their destruction.

THE BEE AND THE FLY.

"Go away; vile insect," cried out an gry bee one day to a fly, who was hovering around her hive. "It becomes you

well, forsooth to intrude upon the Queen of the Air!"

"You are mistaken; Dame Bee; I would not seek the company of so quarrelsome and vindictive a set of people."

And why not? you little impertinent thing! We have the best of laws; our government is the envy of the nations; we live off the most odoriferous flowers; we draw from them their most delicious sweets to make honey equal to nectar, whilst you miserable insect, you live on filth and putrefaction.

We live as we can, it is true; Dame Bee. Poverty is not a crime; whereas anger certainly is. The honey you make is sweet, I admit; I have tasted it. But your heart is bitter; you avenge yourself on your enemies; you destroy even each other, and in your inconsiderate rage do more harm to yourself than to your adversary.

Believe me it is better to have a good heart than sweet honey.

THE LION, THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

AN old lion had become weak and infirm with age. All the animals of the forest came to his lair to condole with him. The fox alone remained away. The wolfe seized the opportunity to make his court to the king of beasts. "I can assure your majesty," said he, "it is nothing but pride and insolence that keeps brother Fox away. He is not ignorant of your sickness, and he is waiting only for your death to ascend your throne." "Let him be sent for," said the king of beasts. The fox came and suspecting that the wolfe had been playing him a bad turn, "I fear," said he, "some one has been injuring me with your majesty; allow me to explain my absence. I went on a pilgrimage to fulfil a vow I had made for your recovery. On my journey I met many skilful and learned men, whom I consulted on your malady. I was happy enough to learn from them an infallible remedy." "What is it?" asked the lion with eagerness. "It is the skin of a wolf applied hot and steaming to your royal body." The king of beasts approved the remedy. The wolf was flayed on the spot and the monarch enveloped in the skin.

The dishonest are often paid in their own coin.

THE STAG, THE FARMER AND THE HUNTER.

A STAG hard pressed by a hunter fled panting to a farm yard. With tears in his eyes he begged the farmer to take pity on him, and to allow him to hide himself in a corner of the barn. The farmer consented, and promised on his honor not to betray him. The hunter appeared in a few moments, and asked the farmer, if he had seen the stag. No; answered he, pointing with his finger where the stag lay concealed, "he has not passed this way, I assure you." The hunter occupied with his thoughts did not notice the farmer's motions, and went his way. As soon as he was gone the stag started away without saying a word. "Hello!" cried the farmer—"where are you going, so fast? Is that all the thanks you give me?" "Yes," said the stag; "if your hand had been as honest as your tongue, I would certainly have thanked you, but all the returns a man of two faces deserve is contempt."

USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

COTTAGE PIE.—Mince any kind of cold meat together (beef, mutton, veal, pork or lamb), put it about an inch and a half deep in a pie-dish and cover it with the gravy; do not spare salt and pepper; cover it over with mashed potatoes, smooth at the top, and cut it across in diamonds with a knife; bake till it is crisp and brown at the top. A little Worcestershire sauce may be considered an improvement if onions are not objected to.

MINCED FOWL AND EGG.—Cold roast fowl, a hard-boiled egg, salt and pepper, or cayenne, to taste; three table-spoonfuls of new milk or cream, half an ounce of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of lemon juice; mince the fowl, and remove all skin and bones; put the bones, skin, and trimmings into a stew pan, with one small onion, and nearly one-half pint of water; let this stew for an hour, then strain the liquor, chop the egg small, mix the egg with the fowl, add salt and pepper, put the gravy and other ingredients, let the whole just boil, and serve with sippets of toasted bread.

EGG DUMPLINGS.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, two well beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a batter as thick as for pound cake. Have a clean saucepan of boiling water, let the water boil fast, drop in the batter by the tablespoonful (four or five minutes will boil them), take them out with a skimmer or a dish, put a bit of butter and grated nutmeg, with syrup of sugar over.

SALAD DRESSING WITH RAW EGGS.—Break three eggs—the whites into bowl, the yolks upon a flat platter, stir the yolks round and round upon the platter with a broad silver fork; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard, continue stirring until well mixed; then add, a few drops at a time, two thirds of a cup of best olive oil; stir constantly until it is a thick paste, which will become thinner, and may be beaten hard and steadily until perfectly smooth; just before serving add a tablespoonful of vinegar; never put salt in the dressing, but season highly with salt whatever is to be served therewith. The quantities of mustard, oil, and vinegar may be varied to suit different taste.

HOP REMEDY.—In these days of neuralgia and sudden colds it is sensible to have some means of relief close at hand. Make two or three little bags of cotton cloth and fill them with hops. Then when you need them heat just as hot as possible even to the extent of browning the cloth, and apply to the aching member. People who cannot endure the odor of the old time remedy of hops and vinegar do not object to that of hops alone. The dry hop-bag is a great improvement upon wet cloths of any kind.

WARTS.—Wash the warts with the juice of milkweed, or celandine. Caustic applied will effect a cure more speedily. Or bruise these weeds on the wart. Another. Make a little roll of spider's web, lay it on the wart, set it on fire, and let it burn down on the wart. This is said to be a certain cure. Another. The bark of a willow tree burnt to ashes, and mixed with strong vinegar and applied to the parts will remove all warts, corns, or excrescences on any part of the body.

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

Why is the situation of the North Pole like an illicit whiskey manufactory? Because it's a secret still.

"Now put that right back where you took it from!" as the girl said when her lover snatched a kiss.

The use of horns by the coach drivers of New York is objected to, and yet other people stir their spirits by a resort to horns, without invidious remark.

New Yorkers pay higher salaries to clergymen than does any other city. But then it's a heap more work to save a New Yorker than any other man.

You can tell a merciful farmer as soon as he stops his team at a post. He takes the blanket off his wife's lap and spreads it over the poor horses.

"I see the villain in your face," said a Western judge to a prisoner. "May it please your honor," said the prisoner, "that is a personal reflection."

A scientifically-disposed contemporary has discovered that burning the bung-hole of a kerosene barrel with a red-hot poker will cause the barrel to disappear.

A fellow in New Orleans is said to have eaten a box of Castile soap to get rid of freckles. He still has a few on his face, but inside he isn't freckled a bit.

"Well, miss," said a knight of the birch rod, "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can but I hate to most plaguily."

A young lady who recently gave a milliner an order for a new bonnet, said: "You must make it plain, but still attractive and smart, as I sit in a very conspicuous place in church."

A Western editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog." The rival retorts by saying: "He knows only too well that he lies; I never stole his swill."

A Dutchman found his way into one of our local tonsorial rooms the other day, and upon being asked how often he shaved, replied. "Dree times a week, every day but Soonday: den I shaves every day."

"You have too much style," said an old critic to a young writer. "Style is only a frame to hold the thoughts, as a window-sash holds the panes of glass. Too much thought obscures the light."

"Pa, what is meant by raw recruits?" "It means soldiers who have never stood fire, child." "Oh! I know—same as chestnuts; after they are roasted, they an't raw!" Pa was done brown.

A paper made the following very safe challenge to all and sundry: "We defy any one to point out in the Levitical code or elsewhere any passage which interdicts a man marrying the wife of his deceased sister."

They tell of a very "cultured" divine in Boston who instead of saying, "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks, "The accumulation of money will now ensue."

A Western editor wrote that he proposed to cook the finest turkey in the country for his New Year dinner. The compositor set it up "hook," and the poor scribe was under police surveillance every time he wandered into the outskirts of the town.

The story told about a little clergyman whose bald head was just visible to the congregation when he got into the pulpit, preaching from the text, "Thou shalt see greater things than these," is more than matched by the old story from Boston of the late Dr. Parkman, when he preached his first sermon in the high old-fashioned tub pulpit of Brattle street church. Very little of him was seen except the top of his head and his arms, which he waved about as he read, "Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

A clergyman once, while reading the burial service, came to the place where he must say, "our deceased brother (or sister)." He did not know which; so, turning to a mourner, he asked whether it was a "brother" or a "sister." The mourner innocently said, "No relation at all, sir—only an acquaintance."

The following description of the condition of the roads in Tennessee will apply to some of the roads in this section:

The roads are not passable,
Not even jackassable,
And all who would travel'em
Must turn out and gravel'em.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

AIR—THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS.

With Expression.

"THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD."

1. There is not in this wide world a val - ley so sweet As that
2. Yet it was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet, † Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and
pur - est of crys - tal, and bright - est of green; 'Twas not the soft ma - gic of

life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the
stream-let or hill; Oh! no— it was something more ex - qui - site still:— Oh!

bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!
no— it was something more exquisite still!

3
'Twas that friends, the lov'd of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4
Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow: and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.
† The rivers Avon and Avoca.